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Julius Streicher

Nazi King of Smut

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Pareto: Apostle of Force and Deception

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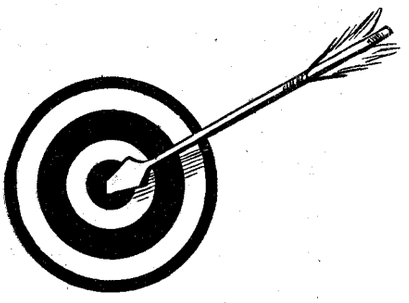

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New Masses

AUGUST 27, 1935

War in September

WAR in Africa appears virtually inevitable as the result of the collapse of the tripartite conference between England, France and Italy and the refusal of the Italian delegates to name a fifth member of the Italo-Ethiopian arbitration commission. The tripartite conversations were undertaken on the initiative of French and English diplomats who hoped to induce Mussolini to accept concessions from Ethiopia. Fascist spokesmen doomed the conference at the very outset when they announced that Italy would be satisfied with nothing less than an annexation of Ethiopian lowlands and a protectorate over the uplands. Acquiescence in these demands would mean the end of Ethiopia as an independent nation and her reduction to the status of an Italian vassal-state. Ethiopia cannot accept such terms since she cannot lose more through an unsuccessful war than she would lose through the conclusion of such a peace. Mussolini's diplomats followed their wrecking of the tripartite negotiations with a point-blank refusal to name a fifth member of the arbitration commission, with the result that all efforts to avert war are at a standstill. France and England are incensed at Italy's attitude and they are both reported to be considering the lifting of their arms embargoes, a move that comes too late to be of much practical value to Ethiopia. The last hope for peace through diplomatic machinery lies in the League of Nations. Even if the League does move there is every prospect that Mussolini will withdraw and pursue his adventure.

THE real hope for the preservation of peace and the prevention of war rests on the masses. As James W. Ford, Communist vice-presidential candidate in 1932, pointed out in a speech before the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International the "rulers of Italy fear most a rebellion of workers and peasants." The resistance of Italian foes of war to Mussolini's wild adventurism can best be stiffened by the organization of workers in other lands to force their own governments to act decisively. "All of the great powers, Britain, France, Italy and Japan," Ford reminded the Comintern, "are maneuvering at the expense of the Ethiopian people, seeking to utilize Ethiopia's defensive struggle for their own ends." Ford urged the building of "Hands Off Ethiopia" committees in every nation. Not only will such committees force the hands of their own governments but Mussolini himself is very sensitive to world opinion; the August 3 demonstration in Harlem in which 50,000 people marched drew special attention in the Italian press. Ford's speech was followed by speeches of other delegates all of whom agreed that the fight against war is one of the essential tasks facing the constituent parties of the Comintern. The widest possible united front is necessary or the Italian legions will be marching on Adowa in September. If war in Africa breaks out—and at this moment it does seem inevitable—redoubled vigilance is necessary to prevent Adowa from becoming another Sarajevo.

ROCKEFELLER'S GIFT — *Russell T. Limbach.*

Streicher's Ascendency

AFTER two weeks of intensive preparation during which the entire governmental propaganda machinery was used to drum up a crowd of more than 100,000, Germans gathered in Berlin to hear Julius Streicher berate Jews and other opponents of the Nazi regime. Newspaper reports have it that the crowd was slow to applaud Streicher's bombastic efforts to link Hitler with Jesus Christ and the Storm Troopers with the Twelve Apostles. In the course

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of his speech he gave his approval to the lynching of Negroes in America and hinted broadly that some such fate awaits German Jews. Meanwhile drives against other dissident groups are being intensified. All Masonic bodies have been dissolved and the Stahlhelm, veterans' organization, will soon fall under the ban. Conflicts with religious groups are on the increase. "Arrests have been countless," The New York Times correspondent noted last week and explained that "the number of arrests, expulsions, counter demonstrations and incidents of all sorts has become so great and the news suppression is so excellent that there is no longer any question of getting an adequate picture of the religious turmoil in virtually every village and town." Streicher, who is one of Hitler's closest friends and advisors has long advocated an intensification of anti-semitic activities but has been held in check by the so-called Nazi moderates. The fact that he is being given a free hand is an ominous sign that a new reign of terror is in the making. The drive against all organized groups has been undertaken because every group, no matter what its character, that is not under strict Nazi control, is becoming a center of opposition to Hitler. Behind this opposition lies the story of rapidly worsening economic conditions. Prices continue to rise, real wages fall and partial crop failures add to the prospects that Germany faces a hard winter. Hitler and his aides hope to draw off the resulting discontent with a series of Roman holidays.

THESE attempts to deflect popular wrath by staging spectacular prosecutions are not only embroiling the Nazis in serious difficulties with the German people but are also reacting unfavorably abroad. The Massachusetts legislature last week passed a resolution condemning fascist religious persecution. The German consul promptly protested and was met with a stinging rebuke from Governor Curley. Opposition to the holding of the Olympics in Berlin is growing and Representative Emanuel Cellar has introduced a bill into Congress asking the United States to withdraw from the games. Despite all efforts of the bourgeois newspapers to picture them as criminals, the six persons, arrested for participation in the Bremen demonstration during the course of which the swastika flag was torn down, are being hailed as heroes. A crowded court room greeted them when they appeared for arraignment last week and a hostile ruling by the trial judge was met with a spontaneous demonstration so great that the trial judge ordered bailiffs not to interfere. Indicative of the wide support being given them is the decision of Representative Vito Marcantonio to associate himself with defense counsel supplied by the Intenational Labor Defense. All of the defendants are charged with "felonious assault," Drollette, who was shot, is charged with carrying "felonious weapons" and three others are charged with "unlawful assembly." Despite the fact that different charges face various defendants the magistrate has ordered a joint trial.

NAZI business men are by no means unanimous in their support of this policy. They fear its effect on foreign trade and they know that the Reich is virtually bankrupt. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, gave voice to their opposition Sunday when he cried out against "irresponsible" terrorism and intimated broadly that Germany's financial affairs are in bad shape. In effect, he called for a more "co-ordinated" application of the Nazi reign of terror but the manner in which newspapers, even Hitler's own organ, censored his remarks indicate that his warning will not be heeded. A ministerial meeting is scheduled at which there may be a showdown. The prospects are that Schacht will be overruled but no open break can be expected at this time. The situation is so desperate that Nazis must preserve an outward semblance of unity. He who rides the tiger dare not dismount.

Miners in Missouri

THE tiff miners of Washington county, Missouri, who are the sharecroppers of American mining, have risen in revolt against working conditions and a system of payment for their work which forces whole families to work the tiff mines and then beg relief in order to eke out an always hunger-haunted existence. Some four thousand families—since mothers and youngsters work in the mines with the men-folks of the families, they too are strikers—are striking for a boost in the tonnage rate on tiff from $3.50 to $5.50 a ton. Tiff is a mineral used chiefly in the manufacture of paint and under the peculiar system of mining and payment for work in the industry whole families (and these Missouri Ozark folks run to big families) would "manage" to earn $6 for a week's work—in a good week. To stretch things just a little toward making both ends meet they would get relief. If they were not working in the mines relief would be refused. Finally the mining families organized and struck. They tied things up so tight that the sheriff of the county had to get a permit from the strike committee before he could get into the mills where the tiff is ground—the industrially strategic point of the walk-out. When the employers, who own nearly everything in Washington county, asked Governor Parks of Missouri to send in troops the strikers notified the governor and the companies that if troops came they would automatically raise their demands from $5.50 a ton to $6.50 a ton. The troops were not sent in.

Farmers in Revolt

TROUBLE is brewing in the Middle West where militant farmers are banding together to prevent mortgage foreclosure sales. One such sale was prevented at Plattsburg, Mo., last week when a thousand angry farmers surrounded a United States marshal, disarmed him and his aides and drove them from the farm which was to have been sold. The next day representatives of a mortgage concern were beaten at Maysville, Missouri, where they had gone to make preparations for another sale. Both foreclosures had been ordered by federal courts on petitions of large eastern insurance corporations and the farmers were vigorous in their denunciation of "these modern shylocks, the loan companies" and the United States Supreme Court. Anger is directed at the Supreme Court because of its decision holding unconstitutional the Frazier-Lemke act which sought to forbid foreclosures for a period of five years. Loan companies are again pressing foreclosures because rising prices have caused an appreciation in land values of which they seek to take advantage. The militant Missouri farmers who forestalled the evictions are reported to be members of a protective association. Although they disavow any intention of opposing the government it is significant that Attorney General Cummings has rallied to the defense of the mortgage holders and has started an investigation looking forward to prosecution of the determined farmers who prevented the sales.

Civil Rights

PENNSYLVANIA hotel owners and other proprietors of places of public accommodation are preparing to

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launch a vigorous fight against a Civil Rights bill passed at the last session of the state legislature. The bill sets moderate penalties for those who discriminate against patrons on account of race and was pushed through by Negro legislators. The bill passed because both Democrats and Republicans are wooing Negro voters, who exert considerable influence in state politics. The fight to defeat the bill serves to call attention to the wholesale denial of elementary rights to Negroes. It is extremely difficult, almost impossible, for a Negro to get hotel accommodations, eat at a restaurant or even attend a theatre outside Negro districts in the majority of northern states. Even where Civil Rights bills are on the statute books they are generally ignored and they protect only those Negroes who have money to risk on the filing of a lawsuit that may be thrown out by a hostile judge and that will certainly drag through the courts for months. Where such laws set criminal penalties law-enforcement officers refuse to act. No law of this kind will be enforced unless it has the widest mass support.

War Progress Report

ABOUT one and one half billions have been allotted or earmarked out of the four billion eight hundred million fund. But only about four percent of this had been spent by July 23. Of the three and a half million men who were to have jobs "making the dirt fly" by July 1—not more than two percent have been assigned to works projects. Maybe we know why. Of the four percent actually spent, more than three-fourths went into building the war machine for the Army and Navy. War projects are costly in proportion to the amount of employment they give. The grand total of men at work is now about 60,000. Two-thirds of them are working for the War Department. The rest are engaged in the capacity of boondoggling for Secretary Wallace.

Wages and Salaries

A REPORT just issued by the Bureau of Economic Research of the Department of Commerce purports to show that the share of the workers in the national income has risen to 67.5 percent as compared with 65 percent in 1929. The joker in the deck is the fact that the Bureau survey lumped together all salaries and wages as labor income. No differentiation in character is made as between the exorbitant salaries paid to the heads of large corporations and the meager wages paid to unskilled workers. Actually, salaries paid to management have declined far less than wages paid to workers. The two are certainly not the same type of payment nor do they go to the same social class but by bracketing them together and weighing them against the loss in national income it is easy to show a rise in labor income. Nor does the survey take into account the absolute increase of the number of workers and there is nothing to indicate whether or not the 2.5 percent increase is adequate to cover the growth of population. Far more accurate as a reflection of what has happened since 1929 are the figures released by another government agency some time ago which show that wage earners are now receiving only 52 percent of their 1929 income while property owners get 61.4 percent and business men 62.5 percent of their respective 1929 incomes.

Degrees of Starvation

MISS LUCY H. GILLET, head of the nutrition bureau of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor defends the twenty-five-cents-a-day allowances for food by the Home Relief Bureau and private agencies as sufficient for a proper diet. This is about the same budget as that computed by experts in the Department of Home Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture, as the cost of their so-called "emergency diet." There is one difference, however, between Miss Gillet and Dr. Stiebeling of the Department of Agriculture. Miss Gillet says "it is far from a luxury diet, but it will prevent malnutrition in both adults and children." Dr. Stiebeling, on the other hand, claims only that her "emergency diet" will sustain life and warns that, if persisted in for any length of time, it is dangerous. Both ladies might care to do a little figuring for the rural population of Kentucky. Families on relief there are averaging $7 per family per month. Even if the entire relief allowance is spent for food this averages, on the basis of 4.7 persons per average family, 1 2/3 cent per person per meal. This allowance may occasionally be supplemented by canned meat, etc. from the Federal Surplus Relief Corporation, though the F.S.R.C. is also about to go out of "this business of relief." The question of how to avoid malnutrition "in both adults and children" on 1 2/3 cent per meal is something to give the home economists food, at least, for considerable, careful thought.

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WILLIAM BROWDER, *Business Manager*

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General Johnson, Enemy of Labor

HARDLY had the long-awaited W.P.A. strike been called in New York City than Works Progress Administrator Hugh S. Johnson went to the nearest microphone with a speech full of slanders on the W.P.A. workers, grotesque distinctions and deliberate lies. He went so far as to compare the strikers to kidnapers torturing a stolen child "to force a ruinous ransom out of its anguished parents." As a basis for his anti-strike appeal he involved his personal record as a "friend of labor":

> I didn't want to take this job. . . . One reason was that I saw this trouble coming and I didn't want to have any kind of a row with labor—organized or unorganized. I *have never had such a row*. You haven't got a man in the labor movement who has fought any harder for your rights than I have. You haven't anybody who stands more sincerely for organization.

General Johnson is a liar and he knows it. Less than a year before, this friend of labor had been run out of his job as National Recovery Administrator by the wrath of organized labor, aroused at last by his treachery. In his treachery he had plenty of help, and the ultimate guilt rests with Roosevelt. We will examine here only the anti-labor activities in which Johnson was directly involved.

The No-Strike Edict.—This was the ideal that Johnson brought before the convention of the American Federation of Labor in its annual convention held in October, 1933. This convention was remarkable in at least one respect: It was the first time in American history that the basic tenets of fascism were flaunted in the very face of labor—on its own platform. It was here that General Johnson made his famous fascist speech, demanding that labor give up its most potent weapon, the strike. "Labor does not need to strike under the Roosevelt plan," he said. The strike was characterized as "economic sabotage," and he threatened the labor leaders with dire results "if you permit or countenance" strikes.

Section 7a.—This clause in the N. R.A., ostensibly giving labor the right to organize and to collective bargaining, was hailed by the top leadership of the A. F. of L. as "the Magna Charta of Labor." The great majority of American workers had faith in it too, at first. But with the passage of time, it became increasingly evident that Section 7a was a snare and a delusion, that the government had no real intention of enforcing it and that the workers could place dependence only upon their own power if they were to establish the right to organizing and to collective bargaining. It also became apparent that, in the fight for recognition, the workers had to fight not only the employers, but the government as well.

Disillusionment spread. To prevent strikes or to crush those begun became the major function of General Johnson, and it must be said that he carried out his role with unflagging energy. Take automobiles, for example. In the winter of 1933, a strike epidemic broke out in the motor industry. Johnson was troubled. He wanted reliable, unbiased information on these strikes. So he appointed a one-man "investigating" commission—no other than Walter Chrysler, the automobile magnate, an avowed foe of organized labor! Nobody was surprised when Chrysler offered as a solution to the situation the wholesale introduction into the country of "joint employee-employer councils" on an individul plant basis—the ideal company union plan.

Before this automobile crisis was over Johnson engineered the inclusion of the "merit clause" into the auto code, permitting the discharge of active union members at will under convenient pretexts and implicitly invalidating the highly-touted labor clause in the N.R. A. This clause (approved and signed by William Green, to his everlasting discredit) eased the way for wholesale terrorization of organized labor, not only in the automobile industry, but in all industries. Later, when the National Labor Relations Board seemed on the point of acting favorably on the Auto Workers Union's demand for a showdown on the company-union issue, Johnson hastily stepped in once more. Out of his intervention came the famous betrayal of labor: the manufacturers, for the first time in explicit terms, were given the government's unreserved blessing to build and maintain company unions at their own sweet will. Then followed the mushroom growth of company unions throughout the country, outstripping by far the increase in A.F. of L. membership.

Johnson and Steel.—A sizable strike in steel, with rank-and-file leaders, broke out in the spring of 1934, with its major demand of union recognition. Johnson promptly laid down a publicity barrage calculated to turn public opinion against the strikers and based on grotesquely distorted statistics furnished by the Iron and Steel Institute.

On June 9, 1934, Johnson delivered a speech that was one long vicious attack on organized labor in general and the steel workers in particular. Charging that "labor leaders went out and unconscionably oversold the provision of Section 7a," he ended with a blast against the closed shop, even going so far as to express doubt as to its legality. (On the basis of this speech, employers all over the country tried to break closed-shop agreements that labor had won through long and bitter struggle, claiming that these contracts were illegal.)

Because the steel workers had demanded a thirty-hour week, he assailed their leaders as being "activated by motives of Communistic policies," and added, with sinister meaning, that "the American people will have an opinion of such unreasonableness." It was neither the first nor last time that Johnson raised the Red scare when workers demanded decent conditions.

The Donovan Case.—John Donovan, president of the N.R.A. Employes Union, an organization affiliated with the Federation of Government Employes, was summarily discharged by Johnson when he came to Johnson's office (by appointment) at the head of a grievance delegation. The nation was thereupon treated to the enlightening spectacle of the Administrator's office being picketed by union members working in his own department, and bearing placards with these inscriptions: "Chiseler No. 1, General Johnson," "This concern is unfair to organized labor," etc. So smelly did this case become, that the N.R.L.B. was forced to take it under review. In its decision, the N.L.R.B. was constrained to rebuke Johnon for so flagrantly violating the very labor clause he was supposed to enforce by firing a man because of union activities, and ordered him to reinstate Donovan at once.

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Reneging on the Newswriters.—The American Newspaper Guild also got the doublecross at the hands of Johnson. He had made a solemn pledge to them that they would surely receive representation on the Newspaper Industrial Board. "I'll keep my promise if I have to bust the code wide open to do it," the General had sworn. But this mighty vow, like many others made to labor, was shamelessly repudiated by its maker.

The San Francisco Strike.—The summer of 1934 witnessed one of the greatest strike waves in American history, arising mainly out of mass disillusionment with N.R.A. Most important of all was the San Francisco general strike, which afforded an impressive demonstration of labor's power. It was called as an answer to the attempt of the powerful Industrial Association to destroy the militant waterfront unions of San Francisco, who were on strike for better wages, hours and working conditions. Here was another situation calling loudly for the services of the foremost strikebreaker in the land. Loyal soldier of capitalism that he is, the General literally flew to San Francisco to do the dirty work.

Johnson put into play every anti-labor weapon in the strikebreaker's arsenal. He opened a lying, provocative attack on foreign-born and militant workers. He denounced Harry Bridges, the courageous strike leader, as an "alien and Communist." He finally ended with an attack on all labor. He raised the Red scare in its most virulent form. "This strike is a threat against the community," he screamed. "It is a menace to the government. It is a civil war." He called upon "responsible" labor to "run these subversive influences [i.e., militant workers] out from your ranks like rats." His strikebreaking barrage was climaxed in his infamous San Francisco radio speech with an open incitement to illegal, fascist terror. If the government did not act, he said, the "people of San Francisco" will act to put down the Communists. "Let's settle this thing, and let's do it now." As if by prearranged signal, the fascist violence broke out immediately, with results too well known to our readers to require recounting.

Textiles—It was in the great textile strike of September, 1934, that the General essayed his most ambitious anti-labor campaign, and it was due to this situation that he finally had to resign as National Recovery Administrator. The textile strike of 500,000 operatives had been called after representatives of the workers had been given the merry run-around for months in their efforts to get the government to enforce the collective bargaining clause which was being openly flouted on every hand.

The stage had been set for Strikebreaker No. 1 and Johnson strode on to play his customary role. Appropriately enough, the General chose the platform of a meeting of over 3,000 employers (Carnegie Hall, N. Y., September 14) from which to deliver his major knife-thrust at organized labor. With choking emotion he expressed his heartfelt sympathy—for George A. Sloan, president of the Cotton Textile Institute, head of the Cotton Textile Code Authority, which had forced the most oppressive conditions on the workers—a labor-hater unsurpassed. "When I think of George Sloan, my heart weeps for him." (All along the Atlantic seaboard, hundreds of workers were falling under the merciless fire of machine-guns and gas attacks and clubs: not one tear for them.) Johnson charged the textile strikers with bad faith. Then he went on to extend the accusation to cover all organized labor. He generously conceded labor's right to strike *in general* but excoriated this particular strike.

The General had played his trump card, but it was also his last one as Administrator. Now the pent-up wrath of organized labor, aroused at last to a full recognition of his treacherous role, broke like a storm over his head. From coast to coast, resolutions poured into Washington demanding Johnson's resignation.

So great was the anger of the workers that even Thomas F. MacMahon, superannuated president of the U.T.W. (whose ability to "listen to reason" had inspired General Johnson to name him among the five greatest men in America hardly a month before) was compelled to denounce Johnson and to demand his removal. His demand was seconded by Francis Gorman of the U.T.W. who had managed the strike (in a manner not above criticism, it should be noted).

Oblivion.—The tremendous pressure of working-class anger against Johnson forced his resignation within two weeks after his infamous speech was made. It was but natural that his precipitate withdrawal from the N.R.A. should find the powerful employers' associations of the country bidding against one another for his services as "manager of labor-industrial relations," a euphemism for strikebreaker-in-chief.

W.P.A.—Then came the Works Progress Administration. This set-up with its coolie scale of $19 to $94 for a month's work represented the most extensive attack instituted by government or industry on the wage standards of American workers, standards built up by a century of incessant struggle on labor's part. When President Roosevelt set the starvation scale, he knew it would meet with nation-wide resistance from the workers. He knew that New York, with its powerful unions of skilled labor and its large organizations of unemployed and relief workers, would be the nerve-center of the workers' counter-offensive against the starvation, standard-breaking scales.

The situation had perilous implications. If a sizable strike situation should develop in New York, it was certain to start a great tidal wave of strikes sweeping across the country. A strong man was needed to break the backbone of resistance in this key city. A strikebreaker of certified national experience, a strikebreaker of first magnitude.

And so President Roosevelt lifted Johnson out of his oblivion for the occasion. His campaign was planned in advance with all the cunning and knowledge in camouflage that could be gained by a West Point education. He entered upon his duties with the declaration that his sympathies were with labor and strongly implied that he thought the scales were too low, but as a soldier, as much as he hated to do it, he would have to enforce them.

General Johnson is in New York City in his accustomed role of strikebreaker and enemy of labor. His anti-labor record stinks to high heaven with foul betrayals. That he could come to New York as Works Progress Administrator without having a general protest strike called against him, is a tribute to his skill in manipulating the top-leadership of the A. F. of L.

Johnson can conceal many things. But he cannot hide from the workers his black record of uninterrupted betrayal. The working class succeeded once in driving Johnson from public office. It should now be aroused to drive him out of his entrenched strikebreaking position in New York. He may not be the arch-enemy of labor, but just now he is the principal agent of that arch-enemy.

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William Gropper

"THE PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY WAS AMONG THOSE PRESENT"

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Julius Streicher

Nazi King of Smut

N. KORNEV

GROUPS of storm troopers marching to music and carrying placards that call upon the people to subscribe to Julius Streicher's notorious anti-Semitic and pornographic newspaper, Der Stuermer, have become a common sight on the streets of Berlin today.

The word Stuermer can be translated either as a fiery person or as a rowdy. Even in Nazi circles, however, Streicher's notorious newspaper is more often endowed with the latter meaning.

After Hitler's ascent to power, leaders of the National Socialist Party—in circles of bankers and industrialists, in the fashionable world—usually intimated that Streicher with his Stuermer was designed for the so-called lower classes: that his specific function was to satisfy the petty bourgeoisie's passion for washing the dirty linen of the upper bourgeoisie. Except in the case of the anti-Jewish boycott of which Streicher was the organizer, this was the view of Streicher that Nazi propagandists were spreading abroad. They also circulated rumors in foreign circles that he was practically "out," that his influence, if he ever had any, was on the wane and that he no longer had the confidence of Hitler. Occasionally, the Nazis attributed to Streicher merely a local significance as the leader of the Nuremberg organization of the National Socialist Party. This was also how they described him to the bankers and industrialists who could not stomach Streicher's vulgar tone.

In general, the Hitlerites love to describe Streicher as headwaiter in a cafe who usually hobnobs with its steady patrons, in this case, the leaders of Hitler's party. It is advisable, they say, to shake the hands of this headwaiter and treat him as an equal. Such treatment of Streicher, however, does not yet mean that he is considered an equal among equals. Quite true: his speeches are seldom quoted by the influential Nazi papers. If a speech by Streicher cannot be passed over in silence, as happens when he speaks on the same platform with Hitler, Goebbels and other Nazi celebrities, the newspapers usually report that among other speeches, Streicher, too, said "a few strong and colorful things." Even though no mention would be made of the fact that the speech was unprintable, the reader would understand that Streicher again said something compromising the National Socialists "as the true carriers of German culture."

But when the National Socialists insist, especially in foreign circles, that Streicher is a phenomenon alien to the National Socialist movement they insist in vain. They may try as well as they can to wash their hands of this "hero," but Julius Streicher is a figure entirely typical of German fascism. Because of his primitive temperament that gushes like a muddy spring, he succeeds more than any other leader of the Nazis in revealing the beastly face of militant fascism. Just because, unlike Hitler and Goebbels, he is unable to hide his thoughts under a flood of oratory, because unlike Goering and Schacht he is unable to adapt himself to the "good tone" of the banking circles, he exposes the essence of Nazism, its primitive hatred of the culture which the great German people have created.

STREICHER is interesting as a living example of the fact that German fascism, contrary to the claims of its founders and leaders, has nothing in common with real German culture. The attempts of the Nazi leaders to hide him, to compel him to lead an illegal existence in a sort of ghetto which he himself would like to create for the Jews, proves once more that they realize his true significance to the National Socialist movement. For aren't the Nazis forced from time to time to fete him as one of their outstanding leaders? (The celebration of his fiftieth birthday, for instance, was made into a national event.) Indeed, the appearance of storm troopers on the streets of Berlin as propagandists for Der Stuermer shows that not only are the Hitlerites unable to establish a distance between themselves and Julius Streicher but that they are even forced to bring him out to the forefront of the Third Reich. The appearance of the "rowdy" in Berlin proves once more that the growing class struggle in Germany, the mounting resistance of the working class against the fascist terror, as well as the disappointment of the wide masses of the petty bourgeoisie in the fascist dictatorship, force the Nazis to apply the very same primitive pogrom methods of agitation of which Julius Streicher is the master. The necessity for holding the doors of the capital of the Third Reich wide open to Streicher and his newspaper shows that the fascist dictatorship, instead of the work and bread promised to the masses, is only able to give them the hopes of which they usually sing in their fascist songs. Streicher can paint the future Eden that Germany is to be. He can also appeal to the lowest instincts of the declassed and criminal elements who, according to him, represent the "public opinion" of Germany today.

Streicher cannot, as yet, be removed from the rolls of the Third Reich for his position is typical of the whole make-up of the National Socialist movement which draws its strength primarily from its individual organizations spread throughout the country, and their local leaders. He is like a feudal lord. He recognizes Hitler's dominance because of the latter's services in uniting different local organizations and his ability to establish a contact, through other Nazi leaders in the "center" (Goering, Hess, etc.), with German monopoly capital and the Reichswehr. Streicher is also a living example of the historical fact that in spite of all the efforts of Hitler and his political patrons among the industrialists and Reichswehr generals the Nazis would not have been able to crash through the narrow circles of Munich were it not for people of Streicher's type who created local Nazi organizations in all parts of Germany. Unlike Goebbels and Strasser who were also in the beginning Nazi local chieftains but who later went to the center and lost all interest in preserving the strength of the local organizations, Streicher constantly reminds Hitler that like the Prussian king in his time, he is supreme only as long as he complies with the wishes of the feudal lords who support him.

Streicher's Nuremberg Party was organized in 1920. Already in the early days of the inflation he sensed with the instinct of a demogogue that one can have a tremendous success with the petty bourgeoisie by propagating a primitive hatred of "lords" and the upper strata.

THIS school teacher (Streicher was born in 1885 in Fleinhausen of a petty-bourgeois family, was a teacher in a public school and for a while served as a soldier during the World War) has, as a matter of fact, a very meager knowledge of politics. His political dictionary is even more primitive and poorer than was Hitler's during the first period of his political activity. Also, his view of Germany's political situation, past and present, is much more confused than Hitler's. Because of his wild imagination, however, and his demagogue's instinct he presents a peculiar kind of bravery and was thus able to become a prominent figure in Nazi politics. The historian of National Socialism, Konrad Heiden, describes him as a man "who can fearlessly pick up with his hands the same mud that he slings at his opponents." Indeed, no one can say that Julius Streicher is afraid to dirty his hands. He is capable of creating scandals which feed the sick appetites of the petty bourgeoisie of a large city. Unlike those of Hitler, his scandals are not directed against capitalism in general. He attacks specific persons. He crawls into their bedrooms, smells their bed clothes, greedily listens to the gossip of their lackeys. Almost always his victims are

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Jews. Seldom does he attack Aryans. Because of the mass of concrete bedroom-details with which he attacks his victims, he is always assured of wide audiences. It is this phase of his activity that covers up his ignorance and political illiteracy. Of a necessity, he makes a virtue.

That Streicher is able to make his illiteracy the virtue of a demogogue, Hitler knows better than any one else. In the first years of National Socialism, Streicher was one of Hitler's sworn enemies. He was one of those fascist "feudal lords" who from the very outset wanted to limit Hitler's power. Hitler remembers this well.

It is undoubtedly this old animosity that makes him so cautious in his relations with Streicher, never knowing whether to renounce or glorify him. For a long time Streicher not only resisted Hitler's attempts to conquer the Nuremberg and other local parties but he even dreamed of taking Hitler's place as the head of the Nazi party. He hoped to accomplish this by strengthening the position of Drexler, then formal head of the movement.

Together with a certain Dikkel, also a teacher by profession, he attempted in 1921 to set Drexler against Hitler, then only the chief propagandist of the National Socialist Party. He promised to bring into the Nazi ranks the south German "trade associations" (yellow trade unions) which would have given the National Socialist Party the much needed working-class coloring. Against Streicher's promises, however, Hitler was able to throw into the Party fund the heavy money he was receiving from the Munich Reichswehr generals and industrialists. Streicher's attempt to remove Hitler proved unsuccessful.

Sometime later he was forced, in fact, to seek Hitler's protection against his enemies in the Nuremberg organization, for what he had planned for Hitler in Munich on an all-German scale happened to him in Nuremberg on a local scale. His enemies and rivals, it seems, discovered that before the World War he was a member of a progressive (liberal) party and that while at the front on occupied territory he committed several horrible crimes of a sexual nature. These crimes constituted sufficient reason for removing him, in 1922, from the editorship of a local National Socialist newspaper.

IT was then that Streicher decided to form his Stuermer which, because of its flagrantly pornographic nature, soon grew in circulation. The success of Der Stuermer made Streicher once more an important figure in the National Socialist movement, with the result that in January, 1923, Hitler was forced to come to Nuremberg and announce publicly that Streicher was one of "the most trusted workers of the National Socialist Party." Grateful for this "moral" support against his enemies, Streicher then and there admitted that Hitler was an unexcelled example of a true German and a fighter.

In spite of this exchange of courtesies, Streicher did not cease to dream of dethroning Hitler. The latter, well aware of this, was forced to send to Nuremberg a special man, the notorious Major Buch, later to become the organizer of the June 30 purge, to keep a watchful eye upon the editor of Der Stuermer.

Only in 1925 was it possible for Hitler to convince himself that at last Streicher, too, like the rest of the local leaders of the Nazi Party, "was true to him." It is known, for instance, that after Hitler was freed from jail, the first to greet him at his house was none other than Streicher and his close friend Esser. (The latter fell into disfavor in 1935.) No wonder that in his famous 1925 article in the Volkisher Boebachter Hitler stated: "I do not consider it the duty of a political leader to improve the human material which he has at his disposal. Men's natures are a fact which cannot be changed."

Sometime later Strasser who was at one time a close collaborator of Hitler publicly expressed his regret that Streicher and Esser were retained in the ranks of the Party. "Of course," he said, "Streicher instills great doubts in me but National Socialism has such a great future that he can't harm it. Although I see that Hitler is surrounded by people whom I consider harmful to the movement, I nevertheless say: 'The idea above everything.'"

Strasser was not any more successful in getting rid of Streicher than that little man, Drexler, who, in spite of the fact that the Nazis try to forget him, will nevertheless enter history as the founder of the National Socialist Party. It was Drexler who said that collaboration with such morally degenerated people like Streicher was more than he could stand, and quit the Party. At that time, too, another Nazi leader, Goldswartz, wrote about Streicher: "Streicher and his friends are the lowest type of people, terrorists and liars, that I know of. I am silent about Streicher's financial affairs in the Nuremberg organization, about his 'altruistic' activities as an agitator for the Party because I do not want to stir up an ocean of mud." Goldswartz points out that Streicher was in several sexual scandals and that he had to promise Hitler that he would reform. "Thus far," says Goldswartz, "Streicher has succeeded remarkably well in keeping respectable people out of the National Socialist Party." He enumerates Streicher's friends and shows that most of them have long criminal records. (Steinberger, one of Streicher's closest friends, was tried sixteen times on criminal charges and at the last trial was sentenced to four years at heavy labor.) Likewise the inventor of the famous term "Robber Capitalists," Feder, once stated that he could not have any relations with Streicher for the reason that he did "not want to sit down on a dung heap."

In 1930, when Streicher was a deputy in the Bavarian Landtag, his own comrades in the Party brought suit against him for embezzlement and also for rape of young girls in the editorial offices of Der Stuermer. They demanded that he be stripped of his deputy's privileges. It became necessary for Hitler himself to interfere in order to settle the affair and save Streicher from a humiliating trial.

"AGAINST the people's revolution, against the class struggle, they cannot depend upon the police alone; they must depend also upon a people, also upon classes." Thus Lenin wrote in 1904 in reference to a statement made by the Czarist director of the police department, Lopuchin. "The springs of the police mechanism," he continues, "have been weakened. Military strength alone is not sufficient. It is necessary to kindle national race hatred, to organize 'Black Hundreds' from the least developed sections of the urban and village petty bourgeoisie, to attempt to organize, in defense of the throne, all the reactionary elements . . . to transform the struggle of the police against the workers into a struggle of one section of the people against another." Lenin also pointed out that "the politics of oppressing nationalities is the politics of dividing nationalities," usually followed by a "systematic corruption of the people's consciousness."

The anti-Semitic slogans and pogrom activities of the National Socialists before and after they came to power is a realization of the fact that "the springs of the police mechanism have been weakened" and that "military strength alone is not sufficient." The specific function of Julius Streicher, on the other hand, is to "systematically corrupt the people's consciousness." Here he discloses his rich fantasy of pornographist and sadist.

After the World War the following anecdote was very popular in Germany: Ludendorf, it seems, once told a Jew that the Jews were responsible for Germany losing the war. Thinking for a while, the Jew replied: "And the bicycle riders, too." "And why the bicycle riders?" Ludendorf asked in amazement. "And why the Jews?" the Jew replied. This method of wholesale condemnation, irrespective of the truth, is also a favorite trick in Streicher's stock. In fact, he goes Ludendorf even one better; he resurrects fantastically pornographic legends from the Middle Ages. In Der Stuermer of March, 1935, in an article entitled "The Devil," he writes: "He who does not try to know the true face of the Jew is undoubtedly satisfied with what happened in Germany for the last two years— the triumph of National Socialism. However, the victories carry within themselves the germ of defeat if we forget who the enemy whom we have defeated represents and what he considers is his mission. The Jewish people promised Jehovah that they were going to be the chosen people, that they were going to be the masters of the whole world. The Jews always strove to be the masters of the world. He who knows the path of crime that the Jews have trod throughout history will understand that the victory of National Socialism is only the beginning of a new struggle. For the father of the Jews is the devil, and the devil remains the devil as long as he is amongst us.

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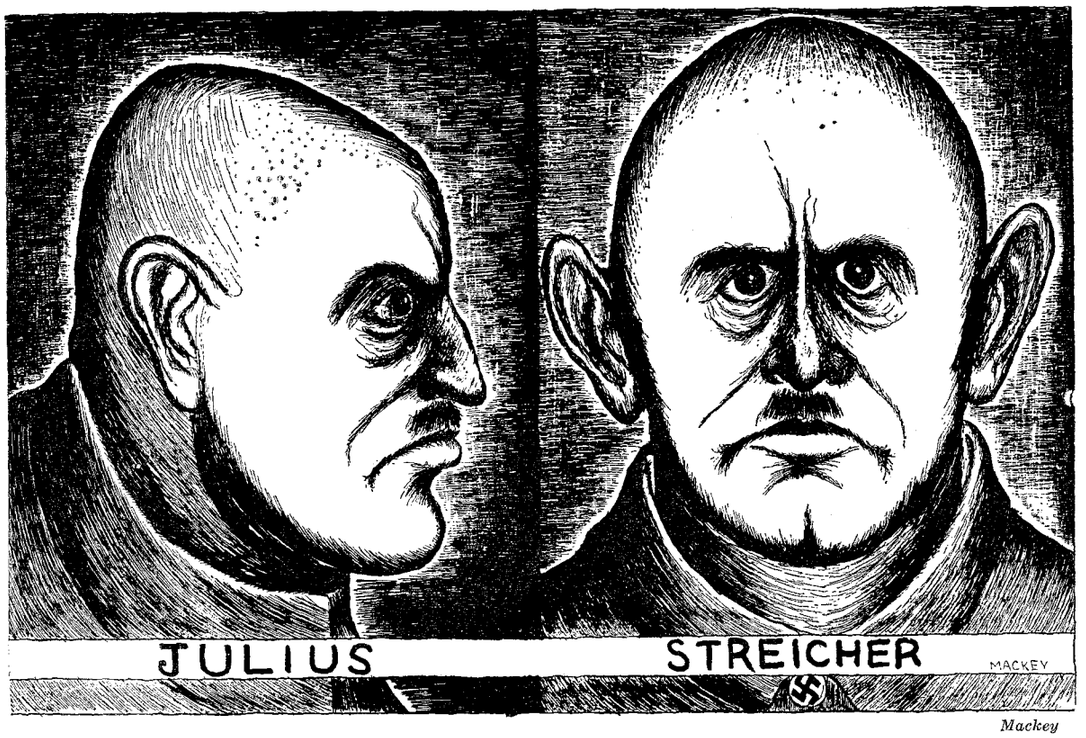

Mackey

He who struggles against the Jews struggles against the devil."

It is very easy, of course, to understand the meaning of Streicher's legend about the "Jewish devil." True, after their seizure of power, the National Socialists clamped down upon the Jews in a manner that even Czarist pogroms seemed like child's play by comparison. But who were the Jews whom the Nazis, with Julius Streicher at their head, hit hardest? They were, of course, the Jewish storekeepers. As though it was they and not the German monopoly capital who were responsible for the ruination of the German petty bourgeoisie. Hundreds and thousands of Jewish doctors, lawyers, journalists and artists have been thrown out into the street as though it were they and not the crisis of the capitalist system that has been responsible for the growing unemployment among the working intelligentsia. At the same time, the Nazis have dealt a serious blow to German culture for among the Jews in the concentration camps, among the thousands of Jews who have committed suicide as a result of moral and physical tortures, there were dozens of famous scientists, writers and artists. In attacking German culture, in their struggle with the "Jewish devil," the Nazis knew that they had no reason to fear criticism on the part of their bosses, the representatives of monopoly capital. Just as the German imperialists, during the World War, were little concerned with the fact that in the flames of the World War the beautiful Rheims cathedral was being destroyed, so the contemporary bourgeoisie is little concerned with the fact that as a result of the pogroms against the Jews and the mobilization of the people against the German people's revolution, the greatest cultural values achieved by the great German people are perishing. But those Jews who themselves represent monopoly capital—those the Nazis dare not touch. Jewish industrialists and bankers are just as immune from their wrath as the Aryan bankers. Didn't the Jewish banker Goldschmidt, like his Aryan colleagues, finance the Nazi movement in its struggle against the revolutionary movement in Germany?

JULIUS Streicher was the first to realize the fact that the arena of his pogrom agitation was limited to the Jewish petty bourgeoisie and working intelligentsia. With his primitive but sure instinct he soon understood that the people would eventually see through the great fake that lies hidden behind the anti-Semitic slogans of the Nazis which are never at all directed against the upper Jewish bourgeoisie. That is why he always stressed in his pogrom propaganda that which, as Lenin said, tends to "corrupt the consciousness of the masses." Streicher, as it is well known, was the organizer of the notorious Jewish boycott. The boycott had to be discontinued for a while because of the protests of the German bourgeoisie. When, however, he set out to torture Jews about whom German monopoly capital cared little, there was no one to interfere with him. During the first year of the existence of the "Third Reich," in a single month Streicher arrested 250 Jewish storekeepers and made them pull out with their teeth the grass on the Nuremberg lawns. It was also Streicher who subjected to all kinds of indignities women who were "discovered" living with Jews. Such women were usually undressed, their heads shaved and led through the streets with signs suspended from their necks bearing the inscription: "I gave myself to a Jew."

It is well known that Aryan women, wives and brides of Jews, were forced to appear in the nude in cafés of Nuremberg and sing pornographic songs to the delight of the corrupted burghers, the contemporary German *kulturträgers*. This pornographic pogrom agitation of Streicher is as true today as it was in the early days of Nazi domination. To this day Streicher is true to his principle of supplying the public with "concrete facts." In each number of Der Stuermer one can find the names and addresses of Aryan women who married Jews or of Jews who dared to marry Aryan women. Many of these victims, in punishment, are forced to ride through the streets of Nuremberg on wagons loaded with dung, inscribed: "I besmirched an Aryan girl."

Streicher is also the chief propagandist of the horrible lie that accuses Jews of "ritual murders." He devoted recently a whole edition of his Stuermer to these "ritual murder" fables. Commenting upon this edition of Der Stuermer, The Manchester Guardian wrote: "Streicher has acquired an immortal fame. He has achieved perfection in publishing scurrilities such as the world has never seen nor will soon forget."

The Russian "Black Hundreds," while employing anti-Semitic propaganda in their struggle against the working-class, also struggled at the same time against the Russian intelligentsia. The Moscow "Black Hundreds" used to attack not only Jews but also "students." It would be strange then if a similar course were not followed by Streicher. When this editor of the "rowdy" recently reached his fiftieth birthday, The Volkisher Beobachter, among other things, referred to him as the "spiritual guide" of the German people. This spiritual guide in one of his speeches stated: "He whose duty it is to work upon other people's souls, must have a soul himself!" It is probably for this soulful reason that Streicher recently delivered a speech in Cologne (before an audience of fifteen thousand) that was so colorful that even the Nazi press did not dare print it. The Nazi newspaper of that city observed: "Some people in the audience were probably embarrassed by Streicher's frank expressions."

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This, however, did not prevent it from describing how the audience was thrilled when Streicher related in detail how he beat up a liberal professor who dared to say that the leaders of the German Government should be cultured people. "The liberals and the Jews," said Streicher, "are maligning Hitler as they once maligned Christ." Several days later, Streicher beat up a judge who handed down a verdict that was not to his liking. The judge was laid up in hospital for six weeks. This prompted the Bavarian Inspector Von Epp to go to Berlin with a complaint. Hitler, however, replied laconically: "Take Streicher as he is."

STREICHER'S role as an organizer of pogroms and anti-Semitic propaganda is only one function. Another is to spread the idea of the "superiority of the German race." It is he who teaches that the role of the German people is to rule over the world, incidentally, which he ascribes to the Jews.

In the future war of "the higher races" against the "lower" ones, the German fascists will probably be as little successful as their Roman predecessors. Julius Streicher, it seems, is not destined to reign as a representative of a "higher" race. One cannot hide the fact, however, that on a local Nuremberg scale, in March, 1935, he did indeed have a victory over an "inferior" race. It would be a sin not to relate the methods by which he achieved this victory.

In March, 1935, there was held in the circus of Nuremberg a tournament of professional boxers. Among these were Germans, Letts, Serbs and one Negro—obviously a representative of an "inferior race." It so happened that the Negro Vango was the victor. The Nazis were incensed. One of Streicher's newspapers, The Frankishe Zeitung, published an article with the following headline: "Nuremberg will not stand for racial shame."

"In the city where the annual conference of the National Socialist Party took place," the article said, "there recently took place a tournament of professional boxers. Besides, Germans, there were also represented members of other nationalities, a Negro included. Fight followed fight. We saw examples of good and bad sport—honest fighting and crooked fighting. The strangest thing was the fact that every time the Negro was the victor he usually threw a part of the audience with the instincts of *untermenschen* into ecstasy. The indignation of the real German people was mounting: a black man defeating a white man! Shame!

"At the last night of the fights, the Negro again had the upper hand over his white opponent. There was a danger that a white man was about to be once more defeated by a Negro, but that did not happen. Among the audience there were Germans who were courageous enough to come out openly against this racial shame. One of them was our Julius Streicher. The leader of the ancient Franks mounted the platform and addressed the boxers and audience. He told them about the racial-political struggle that is now going on in Germany; he spoke about his own speeches at mass meetings at which he spread the idea that for us Germans it was necessary to develop a healthy racial pride. He spoke about the World War during which Germany's enemies in defiance of all international agreements [?] were using against Germany people racially alien to us, Negroes among them. He spoke about the racial shame in the Rhine where colored soldiers occupied the province . . . It was people with the instincts of *untermenschen,* he said, who dared to arrange a fight between a Negro and a white. Finally, Streicher stated: 'The time when the Marxists killed in us our racial instincts is past. Every sane German is against such fights: he considers them a racial shame. It is impermissible that a black man should defeat a white man. He who applauds when a black man throws a white man to the ground is not a son of Nuremberg. We don't want him. Out of Nuremberg with those women who applaud a Negro victor.' "

Thus, spoke Julius Streicher. His newspaper insists that there was no end to the ecstasy with which the audience greeted his speech, for "he saved Nuremberg from a terrible calamity." After the Negro was removed from the arena, the real boxing tournament commenced in which "racially-beautiful and racially-valuable men gave all that was in them to make the boxing sport an esthetically valuable spectacle."

The reader will be mistaken if he thinks that this victory over the *untermensch*—his removal from the arena—satisfied Julius Streicher, the *ubermensch.* Not at all. A real boycott was organized against the unhappy Vango. The terrified storekeepers of Nuremberg refused to sell him even the simplest necessities and he could not leave the city because he suddenly developed kidney trouble. The Negro's manager called a doctor, a certain Charois who, in spite of his French origin, was one of Streicher's fervent disciples. This Nazi doctor, according to the French newspaper Journal, treated his patient in a very curious manner. He hardly gave him anything to eat and treated him with medicines which burned his throat. He refused to give him a certificate stating that he needed hospital care and no hospital in Nuremberg would admit him without it. When the Negro, from whom the doctor, by the way, was not loath to accept fabulous fees, was already on his death bed, the Nuremberg Nazis decided to get rid of him. They forcefully placed him on a train and sent him to Berlin where he died soon after.

Thus died a representative of an "inferior race" whose crime, as the French paper expressed it, was that he dared to defeat several representatives of the "superior race."

Thus Julius Streicher, the *ubermensch,* was victorious over an *untermensch.*

Now this victor in the racial struggle appears once more on the forefront of German politics. His Stuermer is blessed by Hitler. Curiously enough, just because his anti-Semitic agitation and sadistic pogroms against the Jews and intelligentsia little help the German bourgeoisie, the editor of Der Stuermer is being pushed to the forefront. The fascist dictatorship cannot afford to admit that its anti-Semitic propaganda is a failure. It has to carry on in the same spirit. But one cannot ride too long on the backs of Jewish storekeepers. Therefore, Julius Streicher, like the rest of the Nazi leaders, in seeking a way out of the socio-political crisis which becomes sharper every day in Germany, turns his attention to war, or as he boasts, a war of the "higher races" against the "inferior races." This explains why this master of pogrom propaganda in spite of the dismal failure of his anti-Semitic propaganda does not disappear from the Nazi arena. On the contrary, he entrenches himself more firmly. He is the classical representative of this "higher race" with its primitive instincts of a ferocious beast.

In speaking about the beastly face of German fascism, one must of necessity examine the disgusting image of Julius Streicher.

"He's very important. Next to Dutch Schultz and Andy Mellon he's beaten the income tax far more than anyone else." *Ned Hilton*

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Four Poems

Four Frescoes of the Future

Multitude and no tumult: a maze on march,
Slow march, strong body and heart bowed down,
And head bowed down to the solitude of the dead,
Brutish grief down trodden under march of feet,
Death put down with the dead, and grief put down. . . .

Then an end, an end to this. Say enough, return
Nourish, tend, to work, to shop, return
In the name of the living, in the name of our span.

Multitude and no tumult; sweet gusts of song
Floating, delirious hope, pure notes; so sing
Song, chiming and climbing chain. As no one sang
Alone, aloft in the old days. This chant our lore
Our love, our will, our bold blithe gale of sound. . . .

Then an end, an end to this; singing, return.
Nourish, tend, to work, to shop, return
In the name of the living, in the name of our span.

Multitude and no tumult: galleries intent—
Men in great congress, active in applause,
The agile argues, the logical man again
Utters, exhorts, expands and again expounds,
Pauses. Applause. O orator, reply!

Then an end, an end to this; disperse, return
Nourish, tend, to work, to shop, return
In the name of the living, in the name of our span.

Multitude and no tumult. Long frolick lines,
O gaiety of wind; child flung in foam to swim.
Races and feats, games, parachutes, flags;
Roar for the athlete trim and brown as bronze,
O festivals, O spectacles, enchant, enchant—encore!

Then an end, an end to this. Pick up, go home.
Nourish, tend, to work, to shop, return
In the name of the living. In the name of our span.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

Names

There, in the cities, with the high-sounding beautiful names:
Manhattan, the island, tall and river-dampened,
Chicago, Cincinnati,
The rich and sea-washed San Francisco town,
In the coast and inland cities,
In the beautiful cities, there,
Low among the towers,
The thronged men gather.

Withdrawn, and stripped of a way to use their hands,
Alone they wander.
Stunned by the onslaught of intolerable hours
Their hearts no longer quicken to the siege of light.
They gaze in the glare of dawn on the blackened docks,
They stare at the mist of morning lifting from the river docks,
Ensnared in their need, in the shadow of walls, they stand,
The strong men, lonely, dismantled of wonder,
Their hearts gone still against the beautiful city.

GLADYS M. LA FLAMME.

American Etiquette

The "American" Legion, banker-led,
Drums through a street in Miami,
Belgrano usurer at the head:—
Hats *on,* the flag is passing by!

Whether to uncover
Depends,
Not upon the Flag itself,
But upon *who* shows it.

If that be some Tory-buffaloed group willing to abolish the Bill of Rights for further benefit of the plutes,
Then keep your hat on—
From respect for what did serve the Jeffersonian majority and what does stand today against complete fascism.

If the Obvious be used by militant A.F. of L. unionists, or by Utopian Leaguers, or by the Farmer-Labor Party—
Well now, let's see,
A matter for calm judgment . . .
Yes, you might uncover without first consulting Emily Post.

But when the Same must be shown by out-and-out Reds (evolved Jeffersonians),—
Then decisively
Off with the hat,
Though you be bald as Lenin! (applause)

H. H. LEWIS.

They Take Their Stand

(*For the Dixie Agrarians*)

Some poets live in Dixie Land
Who never to themselves have said,
We'll wash the star dust off our hand
And wipe the cobwebs from our head.

In books so learned they have writ
Praise to a system dead and gone,
And like old Buddha, here they sit,
Proclaiming how they mope alone.

In Dixie Land they take their stand
Turning the wheels of history back
For murder, lynch, and iron hand
To drive the Negro from his shack.

They never delve in politics,
It's all too common place, they say.
Their thought must go to subtle tricks
That fit such noble gents as they.

In Dixie Land there's many an ass
Clamoring loud in every school
But never sees the growing grass
That might be eat by any mule.

Come sift the star dust off their stars.
See coal dumps where our children play—
They sing of ancient Greece and Mars,
We'll show them starving kids to-day.

DON WEST.

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Capital's Fight for a Draft Law

WALTER WILSON

THE war mongers who have been fighting and maneuvering so desperately in the present Congress to secure a draft law are in for a real battle and a decisive defeat if the issues can be isolated and presented clearly to the great masses of the American people. Here is something that will stir the workers and farmers into action. It is just as dangerous for the advocate of conscription to talk draft to them as for anyone to prick a sleeping lion with a thorn.

The Administration tacitly admitted its weak and unpopular position on this subject when it resorted to subterfuge in endeavoring to pass its draft law. The militarists and imperialists from William Randolph Hearst to Franklin D. Roosevelt know that the masses would not allow an out-and-out draft bill to become law. So under cover of wanting "to take profits out of war" the war mongers sought the most drastic conscription law ever proposed in any country. They sought to out-Hitler Hitler in the matter of forcible conscription for the army and for industry. The story back of this is a long one covering the entire post-war period.

Immediately after the World War the General Staff, the War Department and militarists in general were entirely happy for they supposed that they'd always be cocks of the walk. For two years or more they had been gods; they could not even imagine that their importance could ever be deflated. They developed grandiose ideas about a huge standing army in peace time with which to maneuver and bulldoze the world; a system of compulsory military training in peace time for all males upon reaching the age of 18; and about a peacetime draft-law as the basis upon which to plan for the next war. They were rudely awakened when the American people almost unanimously turned thumbs down on all these proposals. Says Charles A. Beard: "With an alacrity that astonished all super-patriots, the country at large repudiated the efforts of General Pershing and other army officers, supported by active propaganda on the part of civic associations, to establish universal military service." The army was quickly reduced to 125,000 men (since that time however and especially under the New Deal the militarists have been able gradually to build up a machinery for war by such moves as abolishing the militia system and making it a part of the regular army, by establishing C.C.C. camps, etc.)

Imperialist wars cannot be waged without some form of impressment of man power. What good is the most elaborate war machine without common soldiers to operate it? Unless there is a draft law, enforced by all the legal and physical powers of the government and the ruling classes, an army cannot be raised for such a war. Without a harsh draft law the government and the imperialists could not get a shirt-tail full of volunteers within a mile of a recruiting station. The volunteer method was experimented with early in the World War and it proved a total flop, before the draft was resorted to. So the Administration is put into the position where it has to have the draft if it wants to take the country into another war of conquest; yet the people won't stomach the draft knowingly. Wall Street orders preparedness; there can be no preparedness without conscription. Thus the problem.

At this point the bright boys in the Army War College, the ex-colonels at the head of the American Legion and others come on the stage. They have a formula for solving the Wall Street-Administration draft problem. Their formula is quite simple. The people want peace; they are against war. Right? Very well, let us find a fake plan for "guaranteeing peace" and then quietly tack a draft law to it. In the campaign for its passage emphasize the "peace" provisions and soft-pedal any mention of the draft. The dumb potential cannon fodder won't catch on until they are in uniform.

The plan hit upon was that of "taking profits out of war." No profits, no war, says the preparedness advocate. Let us have the "universal draft"; let us conscript the dollar as we conscript the man. The whole scheme had been thought out very well. It was well timed too. The Nye Committee findings, seemingly a handicap, were turned to good advantage. Just when the people were shocked at the revelations of the grafting, waste, thieving, collusion, bribing, profiteering . . . of munitions makers and other business men in the World War—just when the interest in this reached its climax—out came the militarists, headed by the President, with their "peace" plan.

The American Legion's old plan of the Universal Draft (for this is the "profits out of war" plan) was given enormous prestige when President Roosevelt spread his endorsement of it on the front pages of almost every conservative and liberal paper in this country in glaring headlines for perhaps a hundred million readers to see. The war-time orgy of profiteering must never happen again he said. Workers, farmers and Wall Street business men, he declared, must never again make millions out of war while the poor soldiers are getting a dollar a day in the trenches. To prevent it, conscript property, labor and soldiers. He announced the appointment of a committee of "well-known opponents of war and profiteering," including among others Bernard Baruch, Wall Street gambler and multi-millionaire, Hugh S. Johnson, one of those chiefly responsible for the law impressing 4,000,000 young Americans into the army in 1917-18, and General Douglas MacArthur, hero of the Bonus Army eviction in 1932, to work out bills incorporating the President's ideas on "taking profits out of war" and "guaranteeing peace."

The McSwain Bill was the result. Analyze this bill. Does it mean to take profits out of war? Its sponsors know that it does not. They themselves are on record as being opposed to any idea of conscripting property because such a law would be clearly unconstitutional; they do not propose the necessary constitutional amendment which would legalize laws to conscript property in war time. The chief backers of this legislation are on record of favoring a guaranteed profit for business in war-time of at least 6 percent to 100 percent and more. They know that the price-fixing device has been tried in every American war with total lack of success. Old Pelatiah Webster, one of the fathers of the U. S. Constitution, once said that attempts to limit war-time prices had always been as ineffectual as "water dropping on a blacksmith's forge." We had both price-fixing and "excess-profits taxes" in the World War, yet 21,000 new millionaires emerged from that conflict. The American people who are going to benefit by the next imperialist war will also have control of law enforcement and it makes a lot of difference who has the power to enforce or ignore a law. (The classic example is Section 7A of the N.R.A.) Hugh S. Johnson says you must give capital a wage in war-time or else it won't work. The New York World-Telegram in an editorial of April 19, 1935, said: "We doubt the ability of Congress to 'take profits out of war,' since our national economy is based on profits."

One feature of legislation which has been proposed for taking profits out of war is that it conceals from the people the real causes of imperialist wars; the desire for control of world markets, colonies and dominance over smaller countries.

The features we are most concerned with here, however, are conscription of labor and soldiers. The legislation backed by the Administration and the militarists generally would make the President absolute dictator in time of war or in times when he declared war "imminent." At such times he could, at his discretion and with the advice

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of the business men who would be put in charge of affairs (as was done during the World War when the dollar-a-year men took over the controls), turn the United States into a huge forced-labor camp; he could order men to take jobs and keep them under all circumstances at wages as low as $1 a day; he could and would abrogate the right of labor and farmers to organize and strike for better conditions or to keep their present living standards. Under such legislation and conditions it is known that an army of 4,000,000 men would be drafted for service in the Far East or in Europe within twelve months. That is the present mobilization plan of the War Department. This is what Roosevelt's plan for "guaranteeing peace" really means and bear in mind that he is not being fooled; he knows exactly what he is doing in preparing for war.

Congressmen with ears to the ground to catch the distant rumblings in the back country handled Roosevelt's "profits out of war," or McSwain bill, pretty roughly. When it was finally passed in the House the draft provisions had been isolated and defeated. But it would be an error for opponents of war and fascism to fail to stick by their guns on the basis of this partial and temporary victory. Congress has not yet adjourned and we may expect that the War Department, with the backing of the Chief Executive and the militarists, will not rest till some sort of draft law is passed.

The people who have put pressure upon Congress in opposing the draft in connection with the Administration's fake bills to "take profits out of war" are only carrying on the very best American traditions against militarism. Americans of the past have been extremely suspicious of all attempts to make them pawns of a military clique. Up until 1917 all of America's wars were fought with volunteers (the Mexican and Spanish-American were fought largely by professional soldiers and a handful of adventurers.)

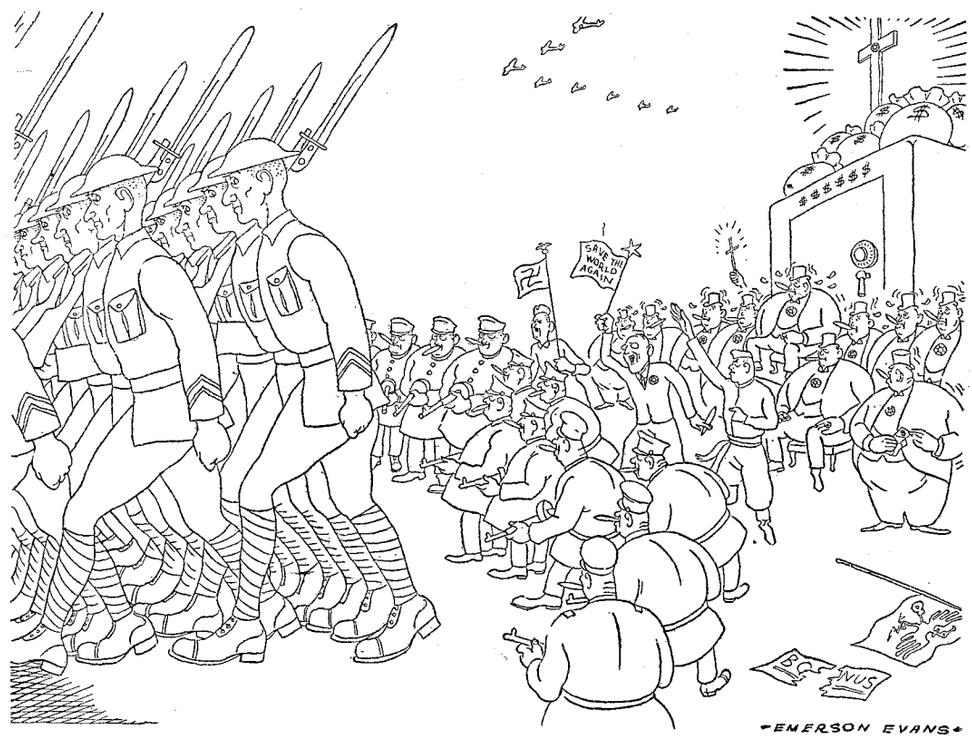
IN THE World War for the first time in American history the country fought with an army made up of unwilling conscripts. Though the United States entered the war ostensibly to save democracy she went into it in a highly autocratic, even inquisitorial, fashion. This in itself is a serious criticism of the purposes of the war. In spite of the fact that the majority of the adult, male inhabitants had voted for peace —in the only way they were given an opportunity to vote on the question—when they re-elected Woodrow Wilson, a minority party candidate over Charles E. Hughes, the candidate of a solidly united Republican Party, because of the Democrat slogan "He kept us out of war." The people took this to mean that the country would be kept out of the war in the future too. Because of the people's desire for peace at any cost, the administration and others in positions of power had to lead the country into war by an extremely circuitous route—with unauthorized, war-provoking actions; by falsehoods about issues involved, by propaganda, including hate-provoking atrocity-lies, by a literal terror, including a harsh draft law.

The best proof of the unpopularity of the war among the common people can be gathered from the fact that there were almost complete failures from the intensive drives for volunteers. Drives in which all the propagandists' art were used. There were special "volunteer weeks" and "wake up America" drives. The entire governmental machinery was used to encourage enlistment. Among other inducements offered those who volunteered were kisses from movie actresses and society belles. General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff for most of the war period, tells us the result: " . . . the cold fact was that after ten days' hard work we raised less than 5,000 men. As the end of April, 1917, neared, only some 30,000 men had been obtained. It was the poorest showing America had ever made in all her history and marked the beginning of the downfall of the volunteer method of raising armies in major wars in this country."

Contrary to popular opinion the huge and costly propaganda campaigns were not the primary cause for getting the people back of the war. They undoubtedly aided in covering up the thing that did accomplish the purpose of those who were the dynamic force back of the war movement. That thing was *force*. Propaganda was used to cover up the mailed fist; but it was terrorism in the draft and the repressive legislation and acts of the government and semi-official agencies that carried the people of the United States along.

The failure of the volunteer system demonstrated to the War Department and its advisers that the war was unpopular and, as has been said, it showed the failure of the propaganda campaign. This eventuality had been prepared for. Long before the people or even Congress, for that matter, had thought of the draft, the War Department had decided to use it if necessary and it was expected that it would be. And long before the Draft Law was passed and, of course, before any appropriations had been made for administering it, the War Department, chiefly through the instrumentality of Secretary of War Newton D. Baker and Hugh S. Johnson, a major at that time, worked out the machinery for administering the draft. Secretly and illegally around 10,000,000 sets of registration blanks and questionnaires were printed and mailed to governors, mayors and sheriffs all over the country—all of whom were sworn to secrecy. Local boards were planned out and key people selected to head them. All of this illegal activity and illegal expenditure of millions of the people's money came in handy for the war makers for Congress did what it was expected to do and rubber-stamped the draft act which had been prepared for it by the War Department and the big business composed Council of National Defense.

There was a lot of opposition in Congress to the draft. And several of the opponents of it stuck to their guns and opposed it to the very last. Champ Clark, speaker of the House of Representatives, called it a convict law. Senator James Reed of Missouri predicted that the streets would run red with blood before the people would submit to such an un-American law. The following quotations are a few of the statements of senators and representatives in opposition to the draft and are taken from The Congressional Record: "No more abject or involuntary servitude was ever presented to this country, and



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it is equally un-American . . .," "Conscription is another name for slavery," "Supported by munition manufacturers and other selfish interests . . ." "We shall Prussianize America . . ." "The news of rioting all over the United States will add joy to the German heart . . ." "No one can estimate the number of officials needed to shut up young men whom it is decided to take . . ." "It will destroy democracy at home while fighting for it abroad . . ." "The demand for a selective draft . . . is an insult to history." The House Military Affairs Committee actually recorded a vote against conscription. At one time a message was sent to President Wilson that if an immediate vote were taken the draft would be defeated. At great loss of dignity Wilson went about canvassing congressmen in person begging them to stand behind his plan. The strategy of having Representative Kahn, a Republican, sponsor the bill had to be resorted to before the law was passed. The final vote shows what a close shave the draft bill had in the House: 199 for and 178 against. In the Senate the vote was 65 for and 8 against.

Major General Enoch B. Crowder, Provost Marshal General during the war in charge of administering the conscription law, was steadfast in his opposition to the draft bill. He wanted such a law but the unpopularity of the draft in the Civil War, he argued, was sufficient warning that the American people would have none of it. Newton D. Baker says: "I called a council of the principal military men in the department and with substantial unanimity they agreed . . . that it was antagonistic to the sentiment and habits of the American people and that Congress could not be expected to grant the power." Many others in authority admitted that the draft was un-American. General March refers to it as a "system which hitherto had been opposed by the nation since its inception."

It is extremely likely that some of the prophecies about forcible, organized resistance to the draft would have been fulfilled had the masses been allowed to see the issues clearly. But terror and propaganda prevented the issue from being joined. Pacifists Baker, Wilson, Creel and others had ideas of how the bitter draft bill could be sweetened. Baker said don't make the mistake that was made in the Civil War of having officers ride from door to door to impress men into the army. Instead have the draftees register at the local voting precinct before a board made up of their neighbors. Let a similar board select those who will have the privilege of serving in the war. Wilson then issued a proclamation full of words of legal and religious connotation, speaking of a "people's war" and of a nation that had "volunteered in mass." Creel flooded the country with propaganda for the draft. His vast army of Four Minute Men speakers concentrated on the topic of the selective service draft from the day it was proposed in Congress till registration day. General Pershing says it was the big newspapers of the country which deserve credit for holding the people in line for the draft. On August 31, 1918, when the age limits of the draft law were raised, grave fears were felt for the success of the final draft. How did it meet the emergency? Never has the country seen such a propaganda campaign of such magnitude. In less than seven days more than 30,000 Four Minute-Men talked; 4,000 daily newspapers and 14,000 lesser ones printed news stories and advertisements given to them by the government; hundreds of cartoonists were put to work making patriotism through posters and pictures. The church was mobilized; the soldiers and sailors marched. An orgy of war hysteria was deliberately fomented.

Newton D. Baker's letter to the President, eighteen days before the first draft law was passed, is a masterpiece, showing how thoroughly the trap was set to catch the unwary cannon fodder:

> I am exceedingly anxious to have the registration and selection by draft under the military bill conducted under such circumstances as to create a strong patriotic feeling and relieve as far as possible the prejudice which remains to some extent in the popular mind against the draft by reason of Civil War memories. With this end in view, I am using a vast number of agencies throughout the country to make the day of registration a festival and patriotic occasion. Several Governors and some Mayors of cities are entering heartily into this plan, *and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States is taking it up through its affiliated bodies in cities throughout the country.*

BUT in spite of all efforts to make the draft seem tolerable the people were not taken in so completely as the militarists and the imperialists would have liked. Over half of all who registered claimed exemption; over a quarter of a million men did not register and escaped arrest by hiding out; many of draft age flooded the marriage license bureaus; so many deliberately mutilated their bodies that the government issued warnings to dentists and physicians that operations designed to enable men to evade the draft would be punished. In Oklahoma, Arkansas, North Carolina and other mountainous sections of the south organized, armed resistance made its appearance (all of the above efforts to evade the draft, of course, show a hatred of the war as such). An organization was formed in Oklahoma of tenant farmers, Negroes and Indians for the sole purpose of resisting the draft. But perhaps the most militant action came from the Arkansas Ozarks. When the news of the draft came to the community of Cecil Cove, young and old prepared for war, but not with Germany. According to a writer in the Kansas City Star:

> The country roundabout was scoured for high-power rifles. Stocks of the Harrison and Jasper stores were pretty well depleted. Repeating rifles of 30-30 caliber and great range began to reach the Cove from mail-order houses. Quantities of ammunition were brought in—report has it that "Uncle Lige" Harp bought nearly $60 worth at one time in Harrison. . . .

Uncle Lige told officers who came to arrest him: "We didn't have no right to send folks over to Europe to fight; taint a free country when that's done." Frank Sturdgill and Jim Blackwell, Uncle Lige's neighbors admitted that they were readers of the Socialist paper, The Appeal to Reason (later this paper supported the war). Said Sturdgill, in explaining the anti-draft and anti-war movement in the Arkansas and Oklahoma hills:

> It's war for the benefit of them silk-hatted fellers in New York. We don't want our boys fightin' them rich fellers' battles and gettin' killed just to make a lot of money for a bunch of millionaires. Why, they own most of the country now.

The movement was finally crushed by a process of infiltration, getting the confidence of the people and then misleading them about the issues involved and the real causes of the war. Force was also used as a dozen or so were sent to the pententiary and a 14-year-old boy shot. In Oklahoma several were killed. It was, if nothing more, eloquent proof of the soundness of working-class instinct on the matter of imperialist war and the draft.

But it was too late, in view of the circumstances—what was missing mostly was a powerful labor movement committed to a clear program of opposition to the war and to conscription—to try to defeat the draft. The forces of the terror were too strong. A year's imprisonment awaited those who were convicted of refusing to register for the draft. Much longer imprisonment was the lot of those who agitated against the draft. Harsh sedition laws were passed. A citizen's letter box, telephone and home were no longer private and protected. Besides the entire police force of the government a semi-official secret service of 300,000 members was organized under the leadership of local business men for the purpose of keeping the lower classes in line for the war. This organization, the American Protective League, was responsible for the gigantic "slacker raids," the spying on workers in factories; the night raids and beatings. Threats of assassination were even made against members of Congress who opposed the war and the draft. Out in Illinois, Samuel Insull as Chairman of the Illinois Council of Defense was boasting that his organization was holding the people in line for the draft. The announcement that there would be "no conscription of the unwilling" was speedily followed by torture and heavy sentences handed out to religious and political conscientious objectors.

It has been quite generally accepted among historians of the World War, even by liberal critics of the war itself, that the draft was justly administered. It should be only the work of a second to disprove this. In some sections, notably in Pennsylvania, politicians

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got control of the exemption boards and by the power of refusing or granting exemptions were able to build up their political fences. Edwin F. Harris, chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York, on June 11, 1917, warned Secretary Baker that the Republican machine was "already gloating over the power it will acquire through the exemption boards." All over the country quite a business was done in the juggling of exemption certificates. Many of the scions of the rich were given non-combatant services, the less dangerous branches of the service, sent to officers' schools. But perhaps the most serious criticism of the unfairness of the administration of the draft was in connection with Baker's idea of using the voting precinct to enforce the draft. How much it must have meant to Negroes in the South (where they have been kept away from the polls since reconstruction days and still are, a decade and a half since democracy was saved in the World War, with the recent sanction of the U. S. Supreme Court) to know that they were to be drafted in just as democratic a fashion as "going to vote."

There was a great deal of discrimination against Negroes. They were not allowed to serve on draft boards—the few exceptions prove the rule. According to the Judge Advocate General's report of all the Negroes who registered, 51.65 percent were placed in the first class to be called into the army; of all white men only 32.53 percent were placed in class 1. Out of those in class 1 of both races 31.74 percent of the Negroes and only 26.84 percent of the whites were forced into military service. There was a lot of discrimination by the local boards. For example in Fulton County (Atlanta) Georgia out of 815 white men called by a local board 526 were exempted—44 percent on physical grounds. Out of 202 Negroes examined at the same time by the same board only six were exempted on all grounds. In some southern communities it was discovered that single Negroes employed by planters were exempted if the planters so requested. But men with big families were often drafted in the same communities if they owned their own small patches of land or were independent renters.

THERE were also efforts made to draft labor during the World War. There were the "work or fight" orders under which a person had either to show that he had or would take a job essential to war-time needs or he was subject to the draft. Says General Crowder of it: "The execution of the work-or-fight regulations, which were promulgated on May 17, 1918, just one year less a day after the passage of the Selective Service Law, required strenuous efforts on the part of the local boards." The government also sought to control labor by means of its employment service, making rules that employment for essential industries was to be handled through the Federal employment service. The President also used the threat of the draft to break several war-time strikes. The right to strike was generally considered non-existant during the war. Wilson wrote to striking workmen in a Bridgeport munitions factory that they must return to work or lose all claim to exemption from military service based on "alleged usefulness in war production."

General Hugh L. Scott, Chief of Staff in 1917, said: "I proposed very feebly the conscription of labor in the last war. This was too great an innovation and I perforce had to be satisfied with conscription for the army, a triumph in itself. We can look back now, however and see the many evils from which labor conscription would have saved us. . . . In the next war I expect to see conscription not only for the army and labor but also for capital." It is known that toward the end of the World War plans were being worked out to conscript labor. General Crowder, who was in charge of the draft administration, says: ". . . when the war came to an end there were pending measures awaiting only the approval of the President, that would have tightened the control upon industrial man power."

The story of the draft in the World War gives an idea of what the workers and farmers may expect when the next imperialist war breaks out. The World War draft law, with the conscription of labor added, will be the model for the next war. All of the war plans are based on the rock of conscription. General Peyton C. March has said: "It is one of the heartening experiences of the war that the system of obtaining men by draft in a major emergency of this character has come to stay."

The purpose of the McSwain Bill and all other Administration bills "to take profits out of war" is to secure laws drafting men into the army and industry. The militarists want such a law passed in peacetime so that when war is declared the machine will be ready to go and there won't be a chance to make a fight against it in Congress and the country. Sedition laws will immediately cut off all discussion. But there is much evidence that the people are solidly against it. It should be remembered that LaFollette got 4,822,000 votes on a third party platform in 1924 two of the plans of which were against conscription and for a referendum vote on declaring war. The people will have the good sense to oppose imperialist war and an inquistorial conscription law if they are given a chance to see the issues involved clearly.

"These Italian soldiers are a fine-looking body of men!" *Mackey*

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Southern Mother

EMMETT GOWEN

SAM was driving because this was his home territory and he knew the way out of the city, out the Dixie Highway to the place to turn off. The car whispered, humming into the cavern shapes of its lights ahead. When he turned it into the dirt road between the rail fences it bounced violently until he could slow down. "Nearly there, now," he said.

"A real country road," Helen said at his shoulder. He heard Bob say something to Leon in the rumble seat. "What?" he yelled. "I guess you've been up and down this road plenty of times," Bob shouted from the rumble seat. "I'll say," he said, and he felt a knot of emotion dissolve in him, nearly weeping, thinking: My feet even now remember the individual rocks, barefoot too late in the fall, with my feet aching with the cold of the road.

They passed the dark houses, the old houses in their bouquets of trees such as they had been passing for hundreds of miles through the South, except that in these he knew the owners. He thought of the weather-beaten men sleeping in their ragged long drawers, the pious unlaughing women beside them, their bodies perhaps sweating like human beings in the summer heat, but their hearts cold in the desperation and squalor of small ownership. He thought of the sad, thin children, who played without smiling and slept with their fists clenched.

Then, after all the speed and hurry, which had made the earth seem a highway bordered by endless impersonal scenery, they come to a stop before a dilapidated gate in the weeds, and suddenly sensed the vast quiet of country night, and suddenly by becoming still were intimate with the earth.

The house was dark, a dim bulk against the stars. "Somebody will have to open the gate," Sam said. "I'll do it," Bob said, and stumbled, scattering the stones as he got out. "It's a shame for all of us to descend on them like this in the middle of the night," Helen said. "That's all right," Sam said. He guided the car slowly through the gate, remembering the way he had driven wagons and buggies through it, remembering a saddle mare he had taught to open the latch with her nose. He drove down the lot, by habit recurring after fifteen years, to a place under a walnut tree, where he had used to unhitch the horses.

He got out to go and wake them. The others waited in the car as if uncertain of welcome. He was thinking, but in a moment my mother will warm them with hospitality. He ran to the back porch in the dark and jerked at the screen door. It was fastened. "Mother," he shouted. He heard a murmur inside and then his father's surprised voice. "It's Sam," his father said. Then his mother's bare feet thumped across the kitchen in the dark.

"Hello, mother," he said. "Hidy, son," she said. He saw her dimly with a mixture of the old habitual emotions, with a memory of guilt swamping him now, as when he had used to come in late and feel her anger, the silent and furious antagonism that had always been between them, the cold, hard thing remembered even now in the warmth of homecoming and the eager jerk in his voice of love. "I've got three friends out here; we've come to stay all night," he said. "Is it all right?" he asked. "Why, of course, son," she said; "of course." "I'll go out and get them," he said. "I'll go light a lamp," she said.

He ran around the corner of the house and toward the headlights. "Okay?" Bob asked. "Sure," he said, and began taking the baggage out of the rack. In dim bending outlines under the stars they got out of the car. They turned off the headlights. "This way," he said, walking ahead, feeling with his feet for the path in the dark. He carried a suitcase and a typewriter. "They're lighting up," he said, speaking in order to lead the way in the dark with his voice.

Then they were in the kitchen in the shadowy light of the oil lamp. His father came in undershirt and pants, barefooted, through the door. "Hello, papa," he said. He began introducing them, choking with a feeling of ridiculous formality. He was aware that his mother went into the front room carrying a lamp. His tall young brother — seventeen and six-foot three — came in, wearing overalls with his naked arms folded under the bib. He felt himself warm with affection at the sight of his brother's small, shy face, grinning and blinking sleepily. "Hello, Tommy," he said. Again he went through the feeling of ridiculous absurdity in formal introductions.

"You all come in the front room and set down," his mother said. It was stiff and formal. They sat in the front room, sitting formally in embarrassment in the middle of the night like strangers visiting. "We were in Nashville all day," Sam said with difficulty, trying to lead to an explanation of their arrival. "But we were so busy with reporters we couldn't get out any earlier. We've been down in Alabama, as a delegation of writers investigating civil liberties"; forcing himself to talk, feeling desperate as he had in street corner speaking in the moments before any audience begins to gather.

Then he was silent, and they all were silent, he knowing again the old sense of his mother's disapproval and his old anger at this. He knew that she was thinking that whoever these people were and whatever they represented that she disapproved of them in advance, although she didn't yet know what for. This made him feel bleak and suddenly alone, lonely, with a sense of his comrades withdrawn from him in deference to him with his mother, and yet he knew nothing between himself and her except the sense of her powerful will against him and himself coldly stronger.

The silence he knew to be painful for the others, also, knowing their sympathy for his embarrassment, knowing their pity for the poor, bleak household, decorated with the claptrap symbols of the dupery of the poor—the natural human sense of beauty corrupted into sleazy taste for ugliness, the cheap, foolish pictures on the walls, the motto (at which Helen was staring)—"Jesus Saves."

"Well, I reckon you all want to get back to bed," he said. "We're tired, too, and—" "I'll fix the beds," his mother said. For a moment she kept looking at Helen, wanting to know, she asked it finally: "Which is your husband?" "Neither," Helen said, and they all laughed. "Well, you can take that room yonder," she said. "And the three men can sleep in here. The davenport opens out and we can put a mattress on the floor." "That will be fine," they all said. "Well, I'll fix the beds," she said.

Then they were all standing, and his mother said, "What is it you were *up to* in Alabama?" "We were a writers' delegation investigating civil liberties," he said. Then her voice lost the high pitch of Southern accent trying to sound sweet and became stentorian and she said: "Now, son, we've got a good government."

Then he realized that instead of answering, he had turned his back on her. He was not thinking anything in words, but was remembering in images and emotions what had happened the day before, the nightmarish insight into the nature of *our government*. With despair in her lack of understanding, he remembered the sensation of cold murderousness and incarnate viciousness, like a snake's, that had emanated from the thug who had shot at their tires, trying to stop them and catch them alive for the blood lust and savage blood sacrifice of lynchers. For daring to press forward the rights of starved workers, the rights also of poor, duped farmers such as his mother and father and his helpless and bright-faced young brother, they had been in this danger. And the high representative of *our government* had refused them any protection, and had even issued statements in the newspapers inviting violence to them as "Reds," the Klansman governor with lynch in his heart, whom they had known in the psychic intensification of people in extreme danger to be waiting in his mansion for his pervert joy in hearing that the boys had taken the Reds for a ride. This

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was *our government,* the greedy rich maintaining power by a brutal legal system and mopping up any theoretical liberties with company-employed thugs, the idiot super-patriots and the lynchers, and she (he thought) was duped into siding with them against her own sons, unaware. And how, he wondered painfully, can I make her understand?

They had escaped, and had come here full of intensified joy in being alive after the likelihood of death, for even in the impersonality of devotion to a cause, human beings do not relish dying. In the shared experience they had known each other deeply, and for Sam the people he had brought to his mother's house were good, *good,* full of valiance, completely brave in that he had seen them unwavering with their lives at stake. *But* (he thought) *my mother disapproves.*

He thought, Look at them mother, look at them. See their strong, intelligent faces. Look at them, mother, and see by their faces that by becoming like Communists they have inherited human dignity.

Look at Bob, the solid dark son of a rich man who left his inept world to become strong and good, his face firm in pain; see him looking at you even now with pity because you were deprived of ever finding a union with the world, pity because you must be tragic in your narrow corner, alone even from your sons, with no salvation except the savage hypnosis of religion.

Look at Helen, mother, and see through the surface of respectability that she puts on in your presence, and see her as she is—a good grown woman, beyond the uncertainty of her manner, admirable for her bravery and her determination against corruption.

Look at Leon, mother. Can't you see the qualities of manhood and fine character that you used to preach to me; look at his lean cheeks and see his eyes behind his spectacles, the kindly twinkling eyes? Can't you see the enthusiasm and fervor that makes him a true man, a true writer?

Look at your son, mother? Do I look like the scapegoat and culprit that you are making me feel you imagine me to be?

Mother, mother!

It was as if voicelessly but with the intensity of crying out, he called to her. And, as if she heard this, she relented for a moment. She did not smile, but she looked bewildered and relenting. "Well, we're ignorant here, and you're smart, son; maybe you know what you are doing," she said.

He heard the others sigh. He went out of the room. Bob followed him. "Where's the backhouse," Bob whispered as they went out on the back porch. "Do it on the ground," Sam said. They went out into the yard, and he saw Bob's face lifted to the stars, and heard him sigh.

Bob walked off into the dark. Tommy came onto the back porch, his bare feet whispering on the boards, and rattled the dipper in the water bucket, taking a drink.

"Did you read the literature I sent you?" Sam asked. "Yes," Tommy said. "Do you want more; are you interested?" Sam asked. "It's real interesting," Tommy said shyly. He came down from the porch onto the ground and they stood in silence. Tommy stood twisted with shyness, a child more than six feet tall. Then Bob came back out of the darkness into the lamplight from the kitchen. He stood with them, none saying anything.

Hantman

Then his mother came out. "Son, tell me about this. Maybe I'm too ignorant to understand, but your papa wants to know about it. Tell me what it is you are trying to do," she said.

He felt himself frantic for words, with an old inhibition holding him speechless. In despair he said: "You tell her, Bob." "You better tell her," Bob said.

"Did you read in the papers what happened to us in Alabama?" he asked. "No," she said. "Fatty Gamble read it in the Tennesseean and told papa," Tommy explained, "but he thought he better not tell mother."

"What happened?" she asked.

"Well, for just so much as showing interest in the rights of workers, in their rights to organize and have free speech, we were shot at and nearly lynched; for being even concerned with human rights, our lives were in danger." He was stammering.

"But, son, this is a fine country," she said. "Is it that you-all are against our form of government?"

He could feel her fury, a furious blind chauvinism. In the wedge of lamplight across the porch, she sat in a slatternly old dress. It seemed bitterly tragic to see his mother, the lean woman worn out by toil and denial, sitting on the porch of her house and defending the causes of the human frustration in her that she probably would not even admit to herself.

"Them that works can make out," she said. "Well," he said, "ain't people all around here practically starving; they were before I left and there must be more of them now." "There is shiftless folks around here that is starving," she said, "but it's their own fault they won't work and make and save."

"Work?" he said. "And where? You know them, and you know that there is no work of any sort. And speaking of work," he said, "this whole family has always worked from dawn to dark, and what has it ever meant beyond the bare, grim keeping alive? Why do you think you have to work so hard and yet are so poor?"

"And you little four," she said sarcastically, "do you think you-all can form a little secret society and hold meetings and change everything?"

He heard Bob groan not quite secretly in his throat and saw him turn aside. Nobody answered her.

"But, son," she said on a new tack, "let other people do these things. You'll only get in trouble, or get killed."

"You taught me honesty," he said. "You taught me to tell the truth and stand by it, and told me to love my fellow man. I am fulfilling the pattern you laid down in my brain and heart, and if this makes a Red of me—well?"

"Well, maybe I'm just too ignorant to understand," she said. She got up and went inside.

Sam went onto the porch and took a drink of water. Bob walked off into the dark again. Tommy came onto the porch.

In the dim lamplight the two brothers stood looking at each other, the raw-boned strong young farmer and the older ex-farmer intellectual, brothers and suddenly brothers in a sense deeper even than the family relationship. With total unexpectedness something untrue had vanished, and there was no longer the poet's lie of the great loneliness, in which no man can know his brother. They did not say anything. But Sam knew his brother, deeply in his own tissues, knowing the baffled yearnings and the terrible frustrations of the exploited boy, deeply knowing by the same mother the desperation by which the Communist idea, unspoken as yet between them, became as flagrantly beautiful to his brother's youth as a bright red flag.

Their mother came toward them again, her mouth pursed with some antagonistic thought. She stopped in the kitchen door. Her mouth opened, but she did not say it. She looked at her sons, and was held silent by a wisdom people have which is more than they can ever say or even think. She, too, knew something that was unspoken, for she folded her arms and it was an unaware gesture of cessation, or perhaps immolation of the past in her before the sense of the living present which had leapt into being on the porch.

"You-all's beds is fixed. Good night, sons," she said, her voice slow, weary, gentle.

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Doctor's Dilemma, 1935

NELSON L. BARNETT

IN 1929 a group of 4,084 physicians answering a questionnaire circulated by Medical Economics showed an average net income of $4,188 and a median net income of $3,660. In that year my net income was $4,000. In view of the fact that my gross income for the first seven months of 1935 was exactly $1,070, I am anticipating a gross income for the entire year of $1,800.

It is apparent from these facts that some perceptible changes must have occurred to me and to the service which I am able to render to my patients. The changes made necessary in my own family, while drastic and unexpected, such as the giving up of my equity in a home, the loss of $20,000 in insurance except for enough to assure the allotted six feet of earth for myself and family and moving back into the slum area in which I have maintained my office for the past eleven years are incidental. More interesting and fundamental are the necessary changes in the service which I may render and the new and imperative methods of adding a little more to a poor income.

Since the poor and the destitute make up the vast majority of this country as well as any other, it is undeniable that the majority of physicians render most of their services to them. If every practising physician in this country should tell his tale, the vast preponderance would parallel mine in the main. Unfortunately for the group its spokesmen are not the average but the eminent. Physicians are no more handicapped by this arrangement than other groups, however, as the recent government code-making shows. "Fair Practice" for the various industries was decided by the eminent.

This morning I am relieved of one of those periodic headaches which every conscientious physician must carry at some time. Two nights ago I was called in a confinement case which I had expected and found immediately that the position of the baby was not normal. I am well acquainted with what the text books say of the preparation for delivery in a case where the baby presents his feet rather than the normal head. The minimum preparation in the home should be at least one competent assistant capable of administering an anesthetic, a sterile field of operation, sterile instruments including forceps and all methods of resuscitation for the infant, which may be born nearly if not quite dead. My preparations were not quite so adequate. I had no assistant, no rescucitation methods except hot and cold water, no absolutely sterile instruments—although I did have a pair of borrowed forceps—and no sterile field. In approximately 200 confinement cases which I have attended I have been blessed with a sterile field on one occasion; still I have never seen a case of infection. Lady Luck was on my side this time and delivery was completed without anesthetic or instruments, the infant resuscitated and with no injury to the mother.

The question will naturally arise as to why a physician in a community with plenty of hospitals and physicians should undertake such a risk. This family has employed me as their physician for the past eight years. The father is a laborer for a national organization whose president was recently in the headlines as drawing a salary in excess of $100,000 annually. The father's earnings for the past three years have averaged $15 weekly and he had four children, five now. I informed the wife of the exact location of the birth-control clinic before the pregnancy recently terminated was begun and advised her that she already had as much family as there was any promise of her husband's ability to support. In spite of the advice a pregnancy did occur. Should I send her to a free maternity ward, knowing that instruments will be used at the slightest provocation by the house doctor anxious for the experience? I elect the home risk and it ends happily and now I may collect my fee of $25 in installments of $2 over a period of about the next year.

In the same family about ten months ago the little girl about twelve broke both the bones in her leg. For such an injury the State Industrial Commission pays $75 if uncomplicated. This case was complicated with an indolent ulceration which required my care for three months after removal of the cast. Fifty dollars would have been a modest fee for the additional services. My total fee was $25, five of which I paid for an X-ray picture. On alternate pay days for the past ten months the head of this family has brought me $2 and there is still $2 due on the original bill. If he lives and holds his job he will pay the recent bill just as he did the old one. It is true that fifty cents weekly is a small payment but to a family of six with a weekly income of $15 it is a great hardship.

Today I bought a bushel of beans at the farmers' market for fifty cents and took them to Hattie to can for me. Hattie is a character that an entire story could be woven around. She is an adventuress who began life on her own at the age of twelve. She has seen the bright lights, gone places and done things. Fortune smiled on her until she made so much money selling dope that she had to split her profits with the government and the $2,500 that they fined her broke her up so completely that she has never rallied. Since then she has worked and sold whiskey and beer—extra-legally of course—until three years ago when heart disease, high blood pressure and syphilis overtook her. But at heart she is just as truly a racketeer as ever. She will prepare the beans I took her and take them to the canning center for the poor and can them, presumably for herself. Total cost for the seventeen cans of beans to me is fifty cents. She will prepare and can anything I take her. On several occasions I have given her a quarter, her fare to the clinic for her anti-syphilitic treatment. If she "hits the numbers" for a penny or two she gives me a dollar or two. When she calls for me I always go. Her allowance from the county relief is $3.54 every other week.

On my rounds this morning I met two of my old patients who until four years ago were as good as any. The family consists of two middle-aged sisters and their husbands, all unskilled workers. One sister has diabetes, the other one of the most persistent and severe cases of asthma I have ever seen. All have been too poor to pay for any services for the past three years. They stretch curtains and gladly do mine for me at any time at no cost, but the cost of the services they required so far exceeded the cost of stretching the curtains that I purposely omitted giving them my new phone number. But I had to tell them today and now I'll have to lose on their work again.

At last Viola is able to pay for her "shots" and she just called to tell me that she would be in tomorrow. Two years ago I diagnosed Viola's malady as syphilis and she was anxious to take treatment but she was broke. I persuaded her to visit the free clinic but treatment there was so inhuman that she refused to return. She has had considerable training on the piano and sings sweetly. Her common-law husband is a skilled cement worker who has had charge of some of the most technical parts of the construction on one of the city's show places. I attended his wife about six years ago in her fatal illness and I rarely left his house without my pay. For four years he has been unemployed. His first venture was bootlegging at which he did fairly well for about two years. When the police raided him several times and found no whiskey he told the judge that he was a bootlegger and would continue at it until he could find a job. He would not accept charity. The judge told the cops to let him alone and they did but business got so very poor that he quit voluntarily. He and Vi keep a few roomers. He gambles a little and now that Viola has a job singing in a night club things are looking up for them.

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Mr. Miller told me that he would pay me $2 on his wife's account if I came by today. At a charge of $3 I make a weekly call at his house to give his wife a treatment for which I used to get three dollars in my office, then another trip to collect two dollars. When the balance runs a little high I discontinue treatment until it is reduced. During the year he will pay me about $50 even though my average pay per trip will not run over $1. True I could have given her better treatment if her finances had been in better shape but she has improved wonderfully and I have done as well as I could for her under the circumstances.

Edna has to pay me only $2.50 more and the baby will be all hers. He is now eleven months old and I have never collected more than two dollars on him at one time, and seldom more than one. Why should a physician accept such poor paying work? I have delivered all of the five children with which this family is blessed. For the first I received cash on delivery, the next was a month or two in liquidation and with each increase a gradually increasing time was required for payment. The father was employed only at spasmodic intervals when I learned of the fifth expectancy and I purposely shied clear of the family hoping that they would decide that they were too poor to pay and apply to the free clinic. But no, before daybreak on the morning when the stork flapped his wings over this household the call came for me. I inquired as to the ability to pay and was assured that the father now had a job and would be able to pay and since they had always paid and I had served them for years, I went.

The superintendent of the hospital which handles a large free clinic calls to tell me that they now have a bed for my patient, Mrs. Brown, for whom I had asked hospitalization about three weeks ago. I appreciate her kindness in letting me know that there is a bed waiting but I have to regretfully inform her that Mrs. Brown was buried last week.

Another morning and the first call is from one of those industrial sick-and-accident insurance companies concerning Mrs. Amrine's condition. She is a widow in her early forties who was bitten by a dog about three weeks ago and developed an infection which however subsided in about ten days. Last week I told her that she would be able to return to her work of selling cosmetics before the week was over but she still insists that she is disabled. There is no objective evidence of the complaints that she makes so I filled out her blanks reporting precisely what I could see and what she said she could feel. I believe she could get out of bed and run a mile with sufficient stimulation but nevertheless I leave it to the insurance companies' examiners to decide. Those persons having ills which present no objective signs but for which they insist upon compensation are commonly referred to as cases of "Insuritis" and are among the most persistent and pestiferous of annoyances.

Sarah paid $1 on her account, which is now several months standing. Twenty dollars would have been reasonable for the service I rendered her but knowing her circumstances I charged ten and she still owes four. She is a recently bereaved widow in her late twenties and works in service for a prominent tailor who now owes her thirty dollars back pay of her promised $8 per week. He still keeps up appearances, attending his clubs and his wife entertains. Now since Sarah has quit he will get another girl, promise her the same, pay her the same and keep going.

Another day and "Big Tim" is first in with his call. Four hundred and sixty pounds of avoirdupois warrant his nickname and fortune was his constant companion until the depression. He ran gambling joints, saloons, legal and illegal, and played race horses in his palmy days. Diabetes and high blood pressure threw him for a loss a few months ago and since then there has been no money forthcoming. I am not quite sure myself why I should feel compelled to answer his call but perhaps the fact that he did pay when he could, together with the additional fact that he has a brother and sister still among my paying patients, may have some influence on me.

My city arranges for the care of the dole lists, about 55,000 persons, by paying the magnificent salary of $75 per month to seventeen physicians in return for which they agree to serve the indigents in a certain area for twenty-four hours daily, seven days a week. They average slightly under 10½ cents per hour straight time and furnish their own medicine from ten o'clock at night until seven in the morning. A very convenient arrangement for the city. Since the seventeen physicians accept the care of 55,000 persons they average about 3,200 patients per doctor, the city pays about 2.3 cents per month per person for physicians' care for one-sixth of its citizens. Since there is no difficulty in securing physicians to accept this work I assume that there are other low incomes among physicians in my town. My personal reaction to this arrangement is that if I must starve I prefer to starve without working rather than both to work and starve.

Correspondence

New Masses to Miss Perkins

[TELEGRAM—JULY 30]

Frances Perkins,
Secretary of Labor,
Washington, D. C.

Joseph North, our Terre Haute correspondent, reports reign of terror in wake general strike there stop Excesses by National Guard include arrest and holding incommunicado of active union leaders and rank and file members, illegal breaking into their homes, attempts to terrorize workers into resuming work stop Our correspondent able prove charges against National Guard terrorism seeking break strike with names, dates, places, supporting testimony stop We demand you set time within week when he can personally lay facts before you and that meanwhile you act to bring about a cessation of illegal mistreatment of strikes.

EDITORS, NEW MASSES.

Dept. of Labor to New Masses

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Replying to your telegram concerning the situation at Terre Haute, Indiana, we have been keeping in very close touch with this matter and since receipt of your telegram the "hired policemen," who were brought in by employers in the enameling companies' plants, were sent out of town. The State militia has also been withdrawn from the City.

The strike at the Columbia Stamping and Enameling Company is the only remaining strike in Terre Haute.

H. L. KERWIN,
Director of Conciliation.

August 3.

Terre Haute to New Masses

[TELEGRAM—AUGUST 16]

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Hired guards mostly withdrawn stop Martial law and militia still present stop Fifteen strikers still in jail stop Two plants now on strike stop Discrimination, blacklist and broken agreements in several other factories stop Possibility of Five County strike.

J. L. BILLINGS.

Terre Haute, Ind.

"Conversion Endings"

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Commenting on my article "The Proletarian Short Story," the correspondent in your July 23 issue makes it appear that I was trying to prescribe "rules for fiction." Alas, I was attempting to do exactly the opposite. I wasn't trying to hand down formulas for story writing; on the contrary, I was protesting against certain formulas which had been imposed upon proletarian fiction. I thought that the anti-dogmatic character of my point of view was clear throughout the essay, especially in such sentences as "Proletarian writing should not impose limitations upon the material suitable for art" and "No sphere of human or natural relationships is closed to the proletarian story-teller."

Your correspondent seems to base her conclusion on the fact that I "pretty definitely damned all conversion endings," by which she apparently means that I categorically condemned all stories describing how people join the revolutionary movement. Looking through my essay carefully, I can't find where I even suggested such a "conclusive" generalization. What I did was simply to analyze a *specific* example

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of a formula-plot (I labeled it "conversion ending"), which I cited as "only one symptom of the vulgar (oversimplified, schematic, dogmatic) approach to proletarian literature." I described this particular type of plot very definitely, hoping there would be no confusion as to what I meant. I objected to it because of the way in which "just a few lines or paragraphs before the end, the protagonist witnesses a street-corner meeting or demonstration, suddenly sees the 'light,' and leaps into action"—because this abrupt transformation "from a passive ignorant individual into a highly class-conscious activist" produced "idealized black-and-white abstractions, bearing little relation to the flesh and blood of life and realistic literature."

As an example, I mention Meridel Le Sueur's "Alone in Chicago," which follows the exact formula I referred to; I contrasted it with her "I Was Marching," which also deals with how an individual joins a working-class demonstration, but does it so realistically and at the same time recreates the whole situation so well that the result is a work of literature. I did not "damn" all plots which tell how people join working-class demonstrations; I criticized a particular formula-plot because it handled this theme unrealistically and in a stereotyped fashion, that is, without literary skill.

ALAN CALMER.

A Misleading Title

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I know that headlines covering reviews are things not to get excited over. But the one given to my review of Thomas Mann's *Young Joseph* (THE NEW MASSES, July 23), "Flight into the Past," calls for a brief comment.

First: The heading conveyed an impression that is the very reverse of the one aimed at in the discussion. The review pointed out that Mann was not concerned with the past, but with a timeless present and that his position was not "flight," but the liberal stand toward contemporary issues. Then, there is the question of what "flight" means. The term has been employed widely to designate all sorts of positions which a critic did not agree with. Seen clearly, "flight" is impossible for the simple reason that we cannot escape living somehow in our own time. The term is therefore not alone question-begging; it is badly misleading.

VICTOR BURTT.

Ann Weedon Answers

TO THE NEW MASSES:

J. B. has attempted to answer my questions about the activity of women in the Communist movement, but has disappointed me by falling into the error of supposing that this can be done by offering generalities, advice and chow mein. He says sweepingly that my statements (which were made tentatively in the expectation of being refuted or modified) are "erroneous," but he neglects to show how any of them are wrong. The chief statements I made were based on observations of the press for two reasons: it is that part of Communist activity we may all observe; and writing is an activity in which great masses of women participate. These statements were: all the editors of NEW MASSES are men; the then current (June) Communist is written entirely by men; the current (July 2) NEW MASSES likewise, as compared to Scribner's (July) containing contributions from four women. No attempt is made to correct any of these statements; they are merely called "erroneous," an easy but futile thing to do. J. B. remarks also on my lack of caution, unbecoming the ignorant. I take no issue on being called ignorant, rather I profess ignorance by writing for information, but as to the lack of caution (unless it be incautious to ask questions), that is not true. I cautiously made allowances for the fact that some of the articles in these Communist publications might have been written by women ghost writers, or that the names themselves might have been deceptive.

The question deserves thought; many people are interested. I suspect that it is not necessary to resort to abstractions to solve the problem. The deplorable but real reasons for the backwardness of women in Communist activities may not be too hard to find. The readers of THE NEW MASSES having defaulted, I am strangely tempted to answer myself. Perhaps, with more study, and the permission of the editors, I will do so at some length in a later issue.

New York City. ANN WEEDON.

Hal Ware

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Harold M. Ware, that great organizer is dead.

It left me with a feeling of deep sorrow after reading in The Daily Worker that Harold M. Ware had died on August 15.

I first met Hal in 1923. He had just gotten back from Russia to organize a group of American farmers to go over there and operate a 15,000 acre farm with American machinery. He practically got us off the plow. After a short conversation, he convinced us that there was no future here for us sitting on a tractor ten hours a day, $75 per month and after the summer was over having the boss turn you out because there was no work to do. "Come to Russia, you will be a professor there," he said, "teach those young muzhiks how to run a tractor, thresher or combine. They never saw anything like it before. Plenty of grub, 100 bucks per month—swell!"

But Hal was not finished there. He needed machinery which costs money and that he never had. But with his great organizing ability, borrowed his first hundred dollars to go West and get those "iron horses." And within two years he got $75,000 worth. Boy, what a joy when we first saw them and packed our overalls in those baby's boxes. "Kid, we will meet you in Novorosisk and make the dirt fly."

What a happy family indeed, over forty of us. Doctor, teacher, carpenter, engineer, plumber, financier, dairyman, chauffeur and ex-priest, and with Hal as our chief. Although one could never find him in his office, one had to look for him in the fields, in the shop or having a meeting with the rabotchkom.

For three years our tractors, thrashers and combines were mended by those young Russians, and by those young students that came out from various agricultural schools to learn our methods. We as "professors" and Hal our guiding star. By now a lot of us had married here as we could not afford that luxury at home. A hundred American dollars, mind you, 200 Russian roubles (while Stalin was getting only 150 roubles), and besides we were guzzling wine while those young Russians were now running that farm. There were some who cried, "More money or we go home." And now there are a lot of us here on unemployed relief and in the bread line, while George, our buddy, who stuck it out, got the order of Lenin with a pension and 5,000 roubles to boot.

Peekskill, N. Y. BEN SCHOENWETTER.

Letters in Brief

Rose Baron, secretary of the Prisoners' Relief Department of the International Labor Defense, informs us that Captain John L. Shand, Deputy Chief, Los Angeles Jail Division, is refusing prisoners in jail there the right to receive literature and is censoring their outgoing mail. She asks that protests be sent to him.

Frank Fatur of Cleveland writes: "Forsythe's 'The World by the Tail' was excellent. It was humorous, sparkling with wit, smacking of freshness, Marxist, informative and clear-cut."

The Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born, 100 Fiftr Avenue, New York City, writes that John Ujich has been ordered deported to Italy where certain death awaits him. Protests should be sent to Secretary of Labor Perkins.

Persons who were aboard the Bremen during the demonstration on the night of July 26 are needed as witnesses, Mike Walsh, secretary of the Bremen Demonstrators Defense Committee, writes. They are asked to get in touch with the committee at 22 East 17th Street, Room 514, New York City.

Dr. Price of New York City writes us that a move to organize news dealers is getting under way. He points out that dealers are being charged higher prices for evening papers and that higher taxes are also threatened.

The publishers of The American Spectator write that beginning with the October issue Charles Angoff will become its editor. The magazine will be issued monthly at ten cents per copy. "The magazine will be vigorously Left," the announcement states.

Phil Frankfield, national organizer of the Unemployment Councils, writes to appeal for mass pressure to force the granting of a parole to Charles Krumbein, New York Communist organizer, who is serving a term in the Lewisburg prison for a technical violation of passport laws. Protests should be sent to Judge Arthur D. Woods, United States Board of Parole, Department of Justice, Washington.

The Farmer's Weekly, a militant farm paper, writes to announce a prize campaign in connection with its fall circulation drive. A number of prizes will be awarded and those interested should write to Farmer's Weekly, Box 540, Minneapolis.

Carl Brodsky, secretary of the New York State Campaign Committee of the Communist Party, writes to inform us that every member of the Socialist Party will receive an appeal for united working-class political action. Appeals will be distributed to all registered Socialists by Communist Party members.

Herbert Benjamin, national organizer of the Unemployment Council, 80 East 11th Street, New York City, informs us that the organization is launching a national newspaper to be issued every two weeks, and to be published in Chicago. The first issue will be on the stands on Labor Day and the paper will foster unity of the unemployed as well as fight for adequate unemployment insurance and kindred measures. A sustaining fund of $5,000 is needed immediately and contributions are asked.

Ella Winter writes from Carmel, Calif., to correct an error in her article "Love in Two Worlds" in the July 16 issue: "I understand Stanley Richardson no longer A.P. correspondent in Moscow, and that the despatch I spoke of as coming from his typewriter actually came from another A.P. man's. My apologies to Stanley Richardson."

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for benefit of
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Improvisations *Music* *Refreshments*

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

On Revolutionary Poetry

WE ARE agreed, I feel sure, that the poetry written to be read and remembered by our side in the American class struggle will have to be simple. We are agreed, I think, that our poets do not need to create new forms. Our classical poetry, that is to say, the poetry of our class, must, like all classical poetry, be representative. It must have a sense of solidarity and a sense of responsibility. And it must, in the main, be written in the English language.

Now English is a language in which great poetry has been written. It is also a language whose nature imposes certain peculiar difficulties on the writing of great poetry, especially on the writing of great simple poetry. I do not, in saying this, intend moony and mystical references to the soul and spirit of English, but merely to mechanical difficulties which inhere in the structure of English speech.

This is a problem that many American revolutionary poets so far have been either too ignorant to realize or too impatient to bother with. There is no use evading this issue. We have got to learn more about the technical problems of our craft. The most practical way to acquire the necessary technical skill is to study those English poets who knew most about them. They are, of course, bourgeois poets: (there is so far very little English literature that is not bourgeois literature). But if we think we have nothing to learn from these men, if we fight shy of them because they are bourgeois and we fear infection, then our own political and esthetic condition must be far from healthy. Let us not be guilty of an infantile literary leftish snobbery. What would we do if we had a machine gun captured from the enemy—use it, find out all we could about its mechanism, keep it clean and polished, improve the model if we could spare the time of a mechanical genius to study it, and turn it against the enemy again?—or, like savages, curse as unclean a thing that had been in the hands of the enemy, bury it with incantations and waste time and energy starting from scratch by throwing rocks while the inventive process had to be set in motion from the very beginning to produce a new and official apparatus? For our purpose—for the purpose of writing vigorous simple poetry—the American revolutionary poet has more to learn from Housman than from Whitman, and more to learn from Pope than from bad rhetorical prose paraphrases of the great proletarian poets of the Soviet Union.

To illustrate, if I may do so without seeming invidious at the expense of one of the most active of our revolutionary poets. Alfred Hayes has described how his imagination was moved by The Daily Worker's stream-head: INTO THE STREETS MAY FIRST!—how that seemed to him—"a swell line for a poem." Comrade Hayes' enthusiasm and energy are more than admirable and contagious, they are necessary; but here it seems to me he illustrates the dangers of yielding to a naive impulse without subjecting it to sophisticated critical analysis. He has been carried away by the image of the line, or perhaps by its rhythm (| u u | | |) into an acceptance of the line without resolving its difficulties. These, however, are so numerous as to threaten, if not completely vitiate, its usefulness. To begin with, the irregular character of the beat imposes difficulty on the subsequent structure of the poem, for it should be obvious that this cadence can not be happily continued without variation—it would kill its own effect with monotonous repetition; and at the same time it is a difficult matter to work out the varied metric that will support the opening effect without distracting from it.

Secondly, examine the sounds of the line itself — too many consonants, too many T, TH, S, F, sounds, and not enough vowel richness to keep them from interfering with each other. Hence your line loses, in sound, the marching fluency that its content requires —you call your comrades into the streets declaratively, but you get them all jammed up poetically. You can see what you are up against if you exaggerate the dangers a little by writing them out this way.

iNTaTHaSTReeTSMaFiRST

Not only are there too few vowels to balance the line and keep the consonants from choking it, but the vowels themselves are either indeterminate (int*a*, th*a*, first), or else thin, feeble, where they need to be robust and full-throated. And the congestion becomes worse toward the end of the line, just where it should be loosened. The line ends, as it were, on a grunt instead of a call. Comrade Hayes might be interested in the opening lines of William Vaughn Moody's elegy (On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines), and see how, out of an almost identical cadence, Moody has achieved a more effective rhythmical statement. Write it the same way.

STReeTSaTHaRoRiNGTowN

The vocal variety is better, the vowel contrasts richer and more sonorous, the repetition of the liquid consonant R and the vibrant N towards the end of the verse corrects the packed-in consonant quality at the beginning and lifts the whole line out of flatness.

This kind of criticism, for both teacher and pupil, is no more fun than parsing in grammar. It is unpleasant, arduous, exhausting detail. But do we do ourselves any good by letting ourselves out of it?

At this point I want to meet the form-for-form's-sake objection. Of course we should not fall into the error of form-for-form's sake-ishness, literary *je m'en foute-ism,* in the American vernacular, kicking the dog around. We are not apt to fall into that error if we have something to say, and are honest enough to shut up when we suspect we have nothing to say. But on our side, of course, there is always plenty to say; we must not disgrace the substance by saying it badly. There is too much caution against falling into the error of form for form's sake, anyway. Form for form's sake is a special manifestation of decadence, not its general direction. Even in the corruption of bourgeois esthetics, the tendency is more apt to run to a disintegration of form than to excessive concern about it. The bourgeois will in esthetics as in everything else becomes too weak to grapple with problems of organization, substitutes impotent laissez-faire individualism or frenzied rhetorical violence, for vital artistic energy. That is a way we don't want to be, any more than we want to fritter away our powers in academic elegances and esoteric practice, in cults and schools. But there is an important distinction to be made between form for form's sake as end, and form for form's sake as means. On the same terms that a musician does five-finger exercises or a rifleman practises the trigger-squeeze, so our poets can and must get themselves a lot of good practice by rigorous and formal self-discipline. If this means writing poems for practice only and tearing them up, and never putting them in the paper, or not seeing them published or any other poem by you published for weeks or months, all right. Who are poets to consider themselves fit for the battle, but excused from the drill? They are doubly subject to it, for both their cause and their craft demand not merely professions of loyalty, but vigorous and resolute performance in action. Form for form's sake nobody but a damn fool would require; but form for energy's sake, for victory's sake, for life's sake nobody but a damn fool, and a lazy and cowardly damn fool, would seek to avoid.

Tied up with this kind of above-the-battle-ism there is a matter of attitude—too much revolutionary verse reflects this attitude of banner - carrying, of ostentatious nobility. There is too much putting the poet in the forefront—compensation, I suppose, for the secret and dreadful reality that we have no audience like the dramatist's audience. But maybe if we acted a different way, we would get an audience. If poetry is a weapon, let it be used as a weapon, not as a standard, not

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as a symbol. And too much revolutionary poetry is mere laurel-bestowing, heaping praise on our heroes and fallen comrades, ceremonial stuff and so on. If poetry is a weapon, it should do something to the enemy—hit him where he lives, stink him out and cut him up. If poetry is a weapon, it should be used like one, manipulated by an expert workman with a rough, tough and dirty belligerence. Revolutionary poetry if it is going to be any use has got to run through the camp like salts through a soldier, has got to circulate like the bourgeois travelling salesman's dirty story or the peasant's folk-song. And this it is never going to do as long as it is confined to hymnology. Our poets have got to quit sounding off like the Y.M.C.A. secretaries of the revolution. It is a poor out to say we should not waste time with all this self-criticism (as incestuous as self-praise), and should just keep on trying, each in his own way, to do our best, and then, if the workers can't see any use in what we do, they won't bother with it and it will all come out right automatically in the end. That's just the old inevitability-of-the-revolution fatalism, in esthetic dress, and pretty shoddy dress at that. If poetry is a weapon, why should we sit around cutting out paper swords?

JOHN YOST.

Pareto: Apostle of Force and Deception

MIND AND SOCIETY (Trattato di Sociologia Generale). By Vilfredo Pareto. Edited by Arthur Livingston. Translated by Endrew Bongiorno and Arthur Livingston, with the advice and cooperation of James Harvey Rogers. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1935, 4 *vols.* $20.

THE publication of the English translation of Pareto's Sociology has occasioned much excitement. In view of the fact that the bulk of Pareto's ideas have long ago become current in America and his mammoth work on sociology really contains very little that is not commonly known, this may seem strange. But the publication of Pareto's *Trattato* is not so much an intellectual as a political event. In Pareto, the bourgeoisie found a man who has attempted to work the most potent ideas in the arsenal of reaction into a system, decorated them with algebraic signs and graphs, and enlivened them with a biting sarcasm. Despite the author's claim of objectivity and pronounced hostility toward "preaching," his book is of a definite political order.

Pareto's *Trattato* is credited with having converted the socialist Mussolini to fascism; or rather Mussolini used it to rationalize his betrayal after he found out that socialism failed to help him realize his careerist dreams. In America, it will undoubtedly play a similar role, to provide alibis for renegades from the Marxist cause, strengthen the renegade tendencies in wavering radical intellectuals and other middle-class elements in the Left camp and to make new converts for fascism—in a word, to arm American fascism with an ideology which though false, appears impressive. In this sense, the publication of the *Trattato* in English is a challenge to Marxism and the Communist movement in the United States.

Pareto makes a great pretense about the scientific character of his work. At the beginning of the book he expressly declares that he aims "to expound a sociology that is purely experimental, after the fashion of chemistry, physics, and other such sciences," and to take only experience and observation as his guides. Throughout the book he repeatedly avows his purpose to seek uniformities among facts, sets up experience as the sovereign judge of the character of his data and savagely denounces socialism and humanitarian and democratic theories as rationalizations, or as he calls them, "derivations." But ironically enough, it is Pareto's own sociology, rather than most of the social theories he so vehemently denounces, that provides the best example of a "derivation."

After carefully reading through the 2,000 pages of text and notes, one cannot but feel that the whole theoretical structure the author has so laboriously built up is an attempt to formulate a theory of social change that would lead to the denial of the role of reason in a society which by its contradictions has become contrary to reason. It aims to glorify terror and justify any tactics used by the ruling class to keep the ruled in subjection, either by forcibly suppressing real mass revolutions or by engineering a fascist deception plot on the masses by bringing about a fascist "revolution," à la Hitler or Mussolini. Though the book was written when Mussolini was still a socialist and long before Hitler was heard of, its kinship with the fascist movement is obvious.

The germ of Pareto's principle of force is to be found in the following dictum: "The problem of whether to use violence to enforce existing uniformities or to overstep them" (in plain words, the problem of whether to have a revolution or not), should be left, according to Pareto, to "people who are called upon to solve a scientific problem or, to some limited extent," to "certain individuals belonging to the ruling class; . . . Social utility is oftentimes best served if the members of the subject class, whose function it is not to lead but to act, accept one of the two theologies according to the case—either the theology that enjoins the preservation of existing uniformities or the theology that counsels change." A Mussolini or a Hitler can give the subject class no better advice!

This idea is brought out in more vigorous language in the following paragraph:

> The use of force is indispensible to society; and when the higher classes are averse to the use of force, which ordinarily happens because the majority in those classes come to rely wholly on their skill at chicanery, and the minority shrink from energetic acts now through stupidity, now through cowardice, it becomes necessary, if society is to subsist and prosper, that that governing class be replaced by another which is willing and able to use force. Roman society was saved from ruin by the legions of Caesar and Octavius.

Pareto wrote this in 1916. Today the self-styled Caesars—Mussolini and Hitler—are sitting high in the seat of power, but capitalist society is far from being saved. Pareto's prophecy about the coming to power of fascists has indeed been fulfilled, but his promise that capitalism will "subsist and prosper" under "Caesar's" rule will forever remain an unredeemed promissory note!

Pareto's bitter hatred of what he called the "plutocratic democracy" is partly the result of his belief that it has not resorted to violence frequently enough and vigorously enough to satisfy him. He deeply laments the fact that, "in Europe the propaganda of the Marxian class struggle or rather the conditions that found their expression in that manner served to awaken or intensify corresponding residues [sentiment for struggle] in the proletariat; or to be more exact, in a part of the population; whereas the concern felt by business men [enterpreneurs] not to run counter to democratic sentiments, in fact to exploit them for the purposes of money-making, weakened or destroyed certain residues [sentiment] of collectivity in the higher social classes." In another place, Pareto remarks that the pacifist variety of pity (for the wounded and killed) is "widely prevalent in decadent ruling classes." He continues: "In fact, it may serve as an adequate diagnosis of such decadence." In discussing the French Revolution of 1789, Pareto observes: "If the class governing in France had had the faith that counsels the use of force and the will to use force, it would never have been overthrown and, procuring its own advantage, would have procured the advantage of France." The very hypothetical manner in which this statement is made shows the childishness of his historical analysis. He forgets that the ruling class inevitably ebbs in its virility. Pareto shows high emotional tension whenever he speaks of pacifists. It is in those passages of the book in which he denounces the opponents of military preparations and urges the necessity of armament and preparedness that he completely discards his scholastic pose and exposes himself as a passionate advocate of militarism.

To the Marxists, as Stalin has so clearly explained to H. G. Wells, the use of force is not idealized, but is made necessary by the ruling class which insists upon using force to keep the working class in a condition of wage-slavery. To the fascists, the use of force is a principle, being directly derived from their social theory. Human society as conceived by the fascist who regard class divisions as the product of differences in

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sentiment can only be a society in which class battle will forever be carried on, the winner always picking the fruits of victory through merciless exploitation of the vanquished. Hence the use of force and violence has become an article of faith and is idealized by the fascists.

Complementary to the use of force is the use of deception, or demagogy, which Pareto recommends to the ruling class as a means of attaining its ends. Pareto expressly states that "the art of government lies in finding ways to take advantage of sentiments. . . ." He repeatedly praises Bismarck for his "art of using residues" or the art of using peoples prejudices for the benefit of the ruling class. That the "art" which Pareto refers to here is primarily an art of deception, has been made crystal clear by his own statement as follows:

> One may say, in general and speaking very roughly, that the governing class has a clearer view of its own interests because its vision is less obscured by sentiments, whereas the subject class is less aware of its interests because its vision is more clouded by sentiments; and that, as a result, the governing class is in a position to mislead the subject class into serving the interests of the governing class; but that those interests are not necessarily opposed to the interests of the subject class, often in fact coincide with them, so that in the end the deception may prove beneficial to the subject class.

Here we have the "philosophy" of fascist demagogy self-confessed.

Force and deception—this is Pareto's advice to the ruling class. This is what the Fascists have adopted as the guiding principles of their activity. Being a bourgeois social theorist by profession, Pareto naturally would not be satisfied with just giving advice. True to the traditions of his profession, he attempted to formulate an elaborate system of sociology to justify his advice which we will discuss under the following headings: (1) the theory of Residues"; (2) theory of the "Elites" (a fascist theory of "revolution"); (3) Pareto's "general form of Society."

HANSU CHAN.

The second half of this review will appear next week.—THE EDITORS.

Spivak's America

AMERICA FACES THE BARRICADES, by John L. Spivak. Covici, Friede. $2.50.

HENRI BARBUSSE wrote recently, on the occasion of Egon Erwin Kisch's fiftieth birthday, "He is one of those who from 'reporting,' from the art of direct observation, has fashioned pictures and frescoes directly based on the wide panorama of life—a literary genre of the first rank." What Barbusse said of Kisch, we here in America may, to a considerable degree, say of John L. Spivak. Spivak's work on the Hatfield-McCoy feudists of West Virginia, on the Georgia chain gangs, on the Nazi chicaneries in current-day America, had already indicated he was one of America's best reporters. He had already proven himself an indubitable heir to the tradition of the splendid reporters America produced in the late 'nineties and the early part of this century.

In his *America Faces the Barricades* we discover that he is more than a righteously indignant muckraker, more than an A-1 literary Sherlock Holmes. He proves himself to be a man with a pair of 20-20 eyes and a quick, lively pen—plus. That plus makes the difference: Spivak is irrevocably pro-labor.

He wrote as coolly and as objectively as it is possible for a man with a heart to write of 1934 America—mad, bewildered, gigantic America. What he saw he put down in a manner you cannot forget. Sections of this book—as Barbusse says of Kisch's work—should settle once for all that reporting can be high art.

Spivak, the friend of labor, avoided "wishful thinking," a vice he feels most revolutionaries share. He went, as scout for the disinherited, to discover the frame of mind in which the 120,000,000 find themselves—a man-sized job for the best of observers. The title of the book summarizes the author's reaction. He saw a proletariat, hungry, bewildered, politically naive, in the first stages of disillusionment. He saw a middle class on the down-grade, chuting toward the working class, but still dominated by their middle-class ideas—he talked frankly with the agents of fascism; Captain Case who was in the racket for the coconuts; Royal Scott Gulden who was in it for the sake of God. He talked to the old-line A. F. of L. leaders who didn't even know the number of workers in their home town, the crooks and the fools among their leaders—he talked to all, they all talked frankly to him. The heroes of Kiwanis and Rotary are in Spivak's book in full after-dinner glory, trying to out-sing the depression, to Coué it out of existence, looking for Messiah, looking for a break from God, praying to the men in Washington.

Wherever Spivak went men talked to him, frankly, as one does with a friend—or an avowed enemy. And that is the gist of his success: people open up to him, or rather, he gets people to open up. He has, sharpened to an unequalled degree, the primary tool of the reporter—the art of the interview—the cross-examination. The section of the book dealing with the machinations of the fascists and Nazis in this country (readers of THE NEW MASSES will remember this series that appeared first in these pages) proves this: Spivak's cross-examinations are as artful, as shrewdly constructed, as those of the finest prosecuting attorney. He uses the weapon best when dealing with the enemies of labor.

Listen to the responses of an avowed opponent of the proletariat: G. F. Thomas, secretary of the Fresno Chamber of Commerce tried to gauge this man, asking him questions, but in doing so revealed completely his own mentality:

> How do I know you're not a Communist? You'd be surprised what sort of people are Communists now, at least sympathetic to them—clean-cut, hundred-percent Americans, college men, writers. God! You don't know where you find them.
>
> For all I know you may be a Communist getting information so the reds can come in here and organize the migratory workers. We've a lot of trouble with reds. In Tulare and Kern counties the Communists organized strikes that pretty near wrecked the farmers. . . . Some of these Communists are organizing here in Fresno county and we're trying to take every possible step to prevent it. Some of the farmers are getting their shot-guns ready. . . .

A masterly interview, one revealing Spivak at his best, took place in the Mesaba Range. Here, at Hibbing, Minn., a town of 15,000, two brothers, linotype operators, secretly organized the masses and ran away with the election. Unfortunately they had no clear political program, no conception of the united front a genuine Labor Party connotes. "Patronage is the life of a political party," the newly-elected mayor told Spivak.

Spivak tracks him down, question after question, until finally the harrassed mayor blurts out that fascism would be better than Communism. Spivak had made his point: without a clear working-class program, the way of the opportunist is inevitably to the Right—to fascism. Unfortunately the interview is too long to reproduce here. When you read it you will see how each question posed by Spivak had a purpose; step by step he led the Mayor to the admission of the untenability of his position.

Or consider the episode with Mr. Royal Scott Gulden, secretary of the Order of '76. Spivak noticed a slight bulge on Gulden's right hip. He got up and patted it gently.

> "What's this—a gat?"
>
> Gulden turned upon me with a nervous tenseness. The mysterious and heavy-set Mr. Temple stepped quickly to my side. Gulden returned to his desk. . . .
>
> "Yes, a gun," he smiled, his washed-out grey eyes boring into me.
>
> "What caliber?"
>
> "Thirty-two, Smith and Wesson—"
>
> He drew the revolver from its holster and placed it on his desk.
>
> "You needn't be afraid," he smiled assuringly. "We don't hurt people unless—they hurt us," he added significantly.
>
> "Maybe I'd better hold it then," I laughed.
>
> Gulden smiled grimly. "I think maybe we'd better put in my desk." He opened a drawer and deposited the pistol.
>
> "Got a permit?"
>
> He turned upon me irritably.
>
> "Who the hell—"
>
> "Let's see your permit."
>
> Gulden looked startled. Without further words he fished a billfold from his coat pocket and handed me his pistol permit. 23,609.
>
> "I don't know why I should answer questions," Gulden said finally.

Spivak himself was not sure why. "I

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don't know why this head of the espionage society should have obeyed my sharp tone," he writes, "unless men with guilty consciences always try to avoid trouble." It is the man with the guilty conscience Spivak can put on the spot with question after question. They often seem astonished to hear themselves answering the queries—but they sail on irrevocably indicting themselves. This is one of the mysteries of Spivak's craft. And at this he seems peerless.

The fascists of America must have Spivak down in their little brown book somewhere on page 1—reserving a prominent spot for him in their North American concentration camps—when and if they ever come to power. For if they don't come to power, Spivak will have done his share in preventing their accession to dominance. He points out in his book the dangers of the faith in the individual. He knows that a properly manufactured economic Messiah, press-agented and with millions backing him, might catch the imaginations of the middle classes. He feels the American variety of fascism will sprout from an amalgamation of the various Vigilante Committees and Citizens Corps that dot the country wherever labor is on the move.

Labor? The eyes of the world are on the man in overalls. What will he do? It was the workingman the bourgeois reviewers sought in Spivak's book. Spivak told me there's a sizable sale of the book up Park Avenue. "What will labor do?" they're asking. They don't call the man in overalls Henry Dubb nowadays.

Spivak feels the American worker of today, 1934-35, is still, by and large, harnessed to the past. "However," he writes, "should he once get the notion that he does not like the way the handful of men running the country's economic and political life are treating him, he is apt to take matters into his own hands with a fury that will astonish the world."

Is the American worker getting the idea? That's what the people on Park Avenue and Park Row want to know. The minds of most of them seem to stop registering after they read the very first sentence in the book: *"After talking with all kinds of people throughout the country, I am convinced that the American worker does not want to overthrow the government."* They don't even get the second. *"All he wants is food."* They seem not even to try to understand the third: *"But if the government will not make it possible for him to earn it or will not give it to him, then he will overthrow the government, without realizing that he is doing so."*

The Bolsheviks led the Russian Revolution not by descending in the market-place and shouting "R-r-revolution!" The revolution occurred because the people wanted "Peace, bread, land." Milk for the baby is one of the most revolutionary of all demands.

Spivak definitely, in his conclusion, indicates that the American worker is learning, is becoming disillusioned, is beginning to understand the functions of the state. In speaking of the demonstrations at the funerals of the many workers killed in last year's strikes Spivak writes:

> While the funeral cortege winds its way through southern cotton mill towns, automobile factory regions, produce areas, the workers are burying not only their dead; they are burying, too, just a little more of their respect for the duly constituted authorities and their interpretation of "law and order." There is a perceptible feeling that the state is the instrument of the employing class. When this conception of the state becomes a mass conviction the workers will overthrow the state.

He says in conclusion:

> The economic scene is more muddled today than it was at the beginning of the depression. Workers and employers, driven apart by the sharp cleavage of opposing interests, are massing their forces to protect themselves. And as increasing wage cuts, unemployment, hunger and misery line up the workers in desperation and as the employing class prepares to defend its property, profits and power, it becomes clear that America faces the barricades.

And Spivak presents the evidence. One can have no quarrel with Spivak over what he saw—he saw plenty, more than any other contemporary reporter. But I looked for more. I looked for that determined minority which is the catalytic agent in the chemistry of the struggle between classes. Though Spivak said they are here and editorialized on their activities, he did not put any one of them down in the book in the way he did the fascists, the middle-class representatives, the sappiest of the A. F. of L. leadership. I looked for some encounters with the young, new rank-and-file leadership of the A. F. of L. leaders in the wave of strikes, but they were not here. Had they and similar types been there, then this picture would have been complete, would have mirrored life in 1934 America as far as it is possible for one man to get this whirlwind of living down.

We here in America are today becoming aware of this art of reportage in which Spivak is our foremost contemporary. As Barbusse says, it is a literary form of the first rank. Consider, for example Spivak's "Letter to the President," which opens the book. It is as moving as any scene in contemporary American fiction. It is a simple story; the 15-year-old pregnant daughter of a farm laborer who fears that her child will be born in the darkness. They haven't a coin in the house to pay for the electric. She asks Spivak to mail a letter for her to the President asking his aid. Here, in the specific, we get all the overtones of the general. It supplies an admirable text for the rest of the book. Without the mastery of his genre, the story might easily have become mawkish, a class-angled sob story. Or consider, "Blue Heaven," the tale of the Negro worker waiting to die—his lungs eaten by the dust from the asbestos manufactory. Or again, "Silver Shirts Among the Gold," "Wildcat Williams." All are convincing, logically and emotionally. Reportage answers the traditional W's—who, why, etc., but in addition it moves. It must evoke the image, reproduce the drama, ring with the overtones of the primal human motivations—the stuff of art, literature. And all this must be done speedily, for there is always the deadline. It demands more of the writer, more toil to master it, than any other literary medium. It requires an economy of time, swift judgments, swift depictions.

More than that; it does not perform an autopsy over the event. It places the fact in its relationship with the past and the future. The master of reportage is not a photographer; he does not deal in stills. His craft is dialectic, catching the present in its relation to the past and the future. Europe has produced some past masters—Egon Erwin Kisch, most notably, Tretyakov, Ehrenbourg. We had John Reed.

Today there is Spivak.

JOSEPH NORTH.

"Rebellious Race"

THAT BENNINGTON MOB, by Henry Barnard Safford. Julian Messner, Inc. $2.

"RIOTERS," "disturbers of the peace," "mobsters," "outlaws," "conspirators," "rebels"; if these terms are familiar to the Communists of today, they were no less familiar to the hardy folks who inhabited the New Hampshire Grants in the late 1760's and early 1770's. This novel, based on the revolutionary exploits of Ethan Allen and his "Green Mountain Boys," tells why.

The territory west of the Connecticut River, now known as Vermont, was in dispute between the province of New Hampshire and the province of New York. The governors of both provinces gave grants of land in this territory but the New Hampshire grantees got there first and there they proposed to stay. Despite an order of "King in Council" placing the territory definitely under New York Authority and despite numerous court verdicts in favor of the New York claimants, the settlers of the Grants refused to be evicted from their homes. Instead they organized "Councils of Safety" (Soviets?) and took up arms in defense of their "lives, homes and liberties." From these councils or Committees of Safety developed the military companies, known as the "Green Mountain Boys," which fought bitterly against their legally-constituted government years before Lexington. It is the story of this struggle which makes up the body of the book.

And an interesting story it proves to be. When Sheriff Ten Eyck of Albany, fortified by a large posse and a court order of ejectment, came to the farm of Settler Breakenridge in Bennington, his experiences were not

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dissimilar from that of many a modern mid-western sheriff who has attempted to carry out a court order to eject a farmer from his home. There awaiting Sheriff Ten Eyck were the neighbors of Farmer Breakenridge, well armed and well determined that no eviction should take place. The sheriff, being a man of discretion, retired and the posse, says a character, "dispersed with commendable speed to their own homes."

This was but the beginning, but it taught these backwoods farmer folk the value of mass action, which lesson stood them in good stead in years to come. In 1774 the townspeople of Dummerston broke into the jail and released one of their comrades who had been placed under arrest for "rioting." Later at Westminster they "packed the courtroom" and prevented the judges from trying the "rioters." This incident ended with the people seizing the courthouse and trying the "judges" and other officials whom they proceeded to find guilty of "inciting the people to riot" by their unjust rulings. During the seizure of the courthouse, one of the "comrades," William French by name, was killed by the officials. One verse of a popular ballad lamenting his death ran:

> But Vengeance let us Wreak, my Boys,
> For matron, maid and spinster,
> Whose joys are fled, whose Homes are Sad
> For the youth of *Red* Westminster.

Even in those days there were "Reds" in the land. So "Red" were they that Gen. John Burgoyne in a letter written in 1777 characterized these farmers of the New Hampshire Grants as "the most active and rebellious race on the continent." The Daughters of the American Revolution should read history. That the modern inhabitants of this region have learned rightly the lesson taught them by their forebears—"that only organized and concerted action could save their homes"—is attested by the recent formation of a "Homes Defense Council" in Rutland.

H. B. WOLCOTT.

Nazi Economics

FASCISM—MAKE OR BREAK? German Experience Since the "June Days," by R. Braun. Translated by Michael Davidson. International Publishers. $1.

THIS valuable little book is perhaps the best brief treatment in English of the economics of National Socialism. These richly informative pages do not contain the "record of Hitlerism since the June Purge" of 1934, as indicated on the jacket. There is no systematic presentation of events, nor any treatment of intra-party politics. But there is something more useful and illuminating: a careful analysis of the effects of fascism on German industry and agriculture and on social classes in the Third Reich. The argument is lucidly presented and is at most points amply supported by quotations and statistics from official sources.

The thesis is a familiar one, though it has seldom been put so convincingly. "In monopoly capitalism there is no longer any economic basis for bourgeois democracy." The fascist state is ruled despotically by finance-capital, i. e. the big banks and heavy industry. "Under fascism finance-capital transfers the imperialist methods of spoliation and expropriation of colonial peoples to its own people at home." The result is the enrichment of the plutocracy and aristocracy through the proletarianization of the middle class and the pauperization of the proletariat and small peasantry. But the economic strangulation of monopolistic capitalism can ultimately be averted only by war. Only in war can fascism actually achieve "national socialism," "planned economy" and the "corporative state," and this only for purposes of destruction and conquest. Braun shows clearly how Hitler finances rearmament and how he can finance the war to come.

The weaknesses of the book are a result of overemphasizing economic factors to the neglect of political and psychological factors. Even in the economic sphere the author fails to recognize a vitally important fact, i.e. that fascist economic planning via fostering monopoly and suppressing free competition can only be partial and never complete in a capitalistic society. The result is that the favored private monopolies—heavy industry, high finance, grain-culture, etc.—are enabled to profit only by exploiting and impoverishing other segments of the national economy. The author also tends to minimize the importance of the Junkers in the Nazi State and to identify them too closely with finance capital. They are feudal aristocrats, animated by imperialistic land-hunger and military careerism and willing to ally themselves with finance capital for purposes of their own. The mass of the peasantry, moreover, has probably gained more from Nazi agrarian policy than the book implies. And, most important, Braun neglects what Ottwalt, Heiden, Mowrer, Schuman and other commentators have properly emphasized: the tendency of the impoverished middle class to suffer collective insanity in consequence of its deprivations rather than to adopt a proletarian outlook and to seek salvation in rational revolt in cooperation with the workers. Psychopathology is as important to an understanding of fascism as is economics. But at least Braun has analyzed fascism's economic dilemma in a masterly fashion.

ARNOLD W. BARTELL.

Brief Review

A PANORAMA OF GERMAN LITERATURE 1871-1931, by Félix Bertaux. Translated with bibliographies by John J. Trounstine. (Whittlesey House. $2.75.)

Bertaux's panorama of modern German literature is a well-written and stimulating book. But it is sadly dated. The American edition is brought up to 1931, yet there is little understanding of the class issues that were then splitting German literature, as well as German politics, into two camps. Bertaux falls into the traditionally liberal marsh of talking about "the German spirit" and holds that it is moving toward a "dispassionate order"—in 1931! Left-wing authors are treated for the most part parenthetically, and men such as Friedrich Wolf, Oskar Maria Graf and Hans Marchwitza are missing altogether. Despite occasional insights into the connection between modern German literature and German monopoly capitalism, the book fails to carry through to the specific social bases. Franz Mehring's *Literaturgeschichte* and Alfred Kleinberg's *Deutsche Dichtung* still remain the most illuminating works on the period from the Marxist standpoint.

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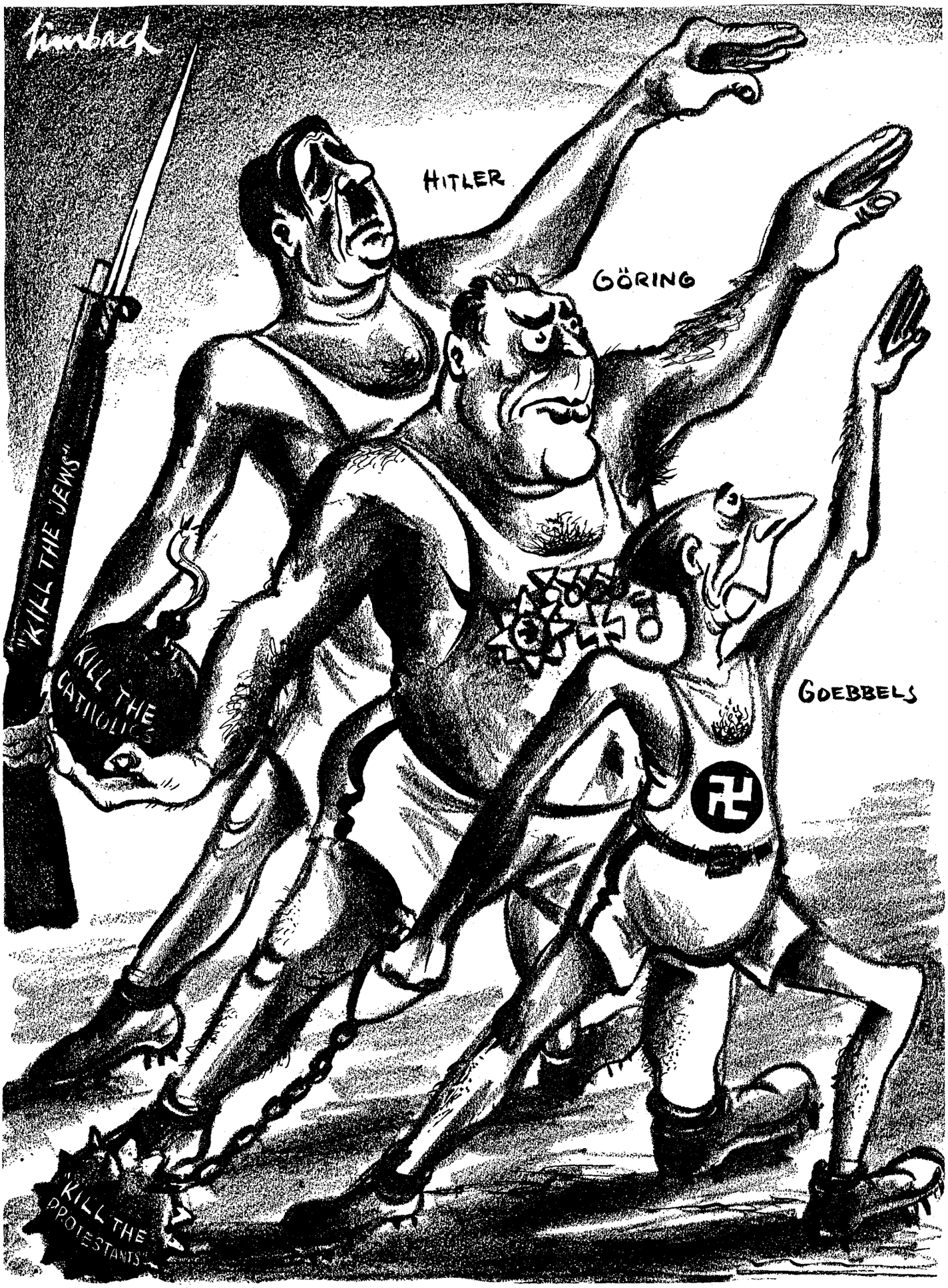

THE BERLIN OLYMPICS

Russell T. Limbach

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First Lesson

BRUCE MINTON

HE STOOD on the curb between Max and Brewer. Strikers jammed the four corners of the sidewalk at the intersection. A sullen silence hung over them, the silence of men for the moment powerless to act. Brewer's pinched, lined face was blank. A hand-rolled cigarette drooped from the corner of his mouth: it had gone out but the lips pulled at it regularly.

David waited next to him. On his other side, Max hummed the same few notes over and over—he still had a piece of adhesive tape above one eye. David squinted up Steuart Street toward the docks. Two windows on either side of the huge steel doors looked like gleaming eyes as they caught the early afternoon sun.

"Why do we wait here?" he asked in a subdued voice. "Why here, when the scabs are working farther down the 'front?"

Brewer leaned forward, spat thickly in the gutter without removing the cigarette stub from his mouth. "You keep out of trouble. The trucks 'll come this way."

David bit his lips. They still treated him like a baby brother—after he had been working with them for over six months. He could keep up with the best of the gang on the job. But they treated him like a youngster, even now, even after seven weeks on the picket line.

They waited in the hot sun. And suddenly, far to their left, from the Embarcadero that ran along the docks, they heard a shot, then several. They looked down the street. About twenty men rushed toward them, shouting, "Tear gas!", running up to where they stood.

A ragged Negro stopped in front of David. His blue sweater had a hole in it over the shoulder. "They're clearin' th' Embarcadero," he panted. "Guess they'll be up here soon."

No one answered him. The newcomers took their places with the crowd on the four corners of the street. And again the silence settled over them, that heavy, resentful quiet so charged with anticipation.

David jumped when Max clutched his arm. "Look!" He pointed to the intersection, at a Ford touring car. David had not seen it drive up. A tall man got out; he carried a riot gun cradled in his left arm. Slowly he turned, surveying the crowd, his black felt hat pulled low over his eyes. No one stirred, no one talked. The man scanned the crowd, turning with extreme deliberateness, as if counting the men on the sidewalk. His shell-rimmed glasses caught the sun, reflected it for a moment as the windows did in the dock at the end of the street.

It was as if the crowd had stopped breathing. The silence stifled David. And then the man raised the gun, with the same deliberate slowness that he had used in surveying the pickets. He sighted along it and still no one moved. Even when the terrific roar of the gun shattered the silence no one stirred. The shot had gone directly into a group of pickets on the far corner. One fellow in overalls gripped his arm and gave a long thin wail, unexpectedly shrill.

That broke the spell. They stampeded up the street, away from the gun. David ran too, and then tripped as someone behind stepped on his heel. Max caught his arm, gave him a shove forward. "Get going," he hissed.

Some of the men picked up rocks from the vacant lot next to the Waterfront Mission. They showered them at the man with the gun. He shot back as fast as he could pump shells into the gun. Two more men leaped out of the car, began to shoot in all directions. David heard a bullet whiz past him. Ahead a man spun around and fell.

The guns roared behind him. Another man threw up his hands, clutching the air wildly for support. He lurched forward on his face. His body twitched spasmodically and he gave a long piercing groan. "Oh-o-o-o-oh!" Then he lay still.

David swerved not to step on the man. Ahead a gas bomb plopped on the street, rolled a few feet and exploded with a sharp report —like a giant firecracker on the Fourth of July. Then more, many of them, all round him, giving out a dense white smoke. He tried to hold his breath. He began to cough and his eyes felt as if needles were stabbing into them. He kept running, he didn't know how. It was impossible to see through the burning tears. Behind him he heard the shots, each time sure he would feel the hot, piercing blow of a bullet in his back. He strained harder. His eyes burned in their sockets, throbbing. . . .

He rounded a corner. The shots still sounded in the distance. He leaned against a wooden fence, panting, dabbing at his eyes with his coat sleeve. Max was next to him.

"Where's—Brewer?"

Max had a fit of coughing. "He went round—circling back. He'll kill those bastards —if he ever gets hold of one——"

David leaned back, wheezing. His eyes felt like blisters. "They shot a man," he sobbed. "They shot a man."

"I saw two fall myself," Max corrected him in a matter-of-fact tone. "They won't stop at nothing."

"They shot a man," David moaned. His whole body shook. He was going to be sick. He swallowed with a great effort, then leaned over and vomited, retching violently. Max kept him from falling. "You got too much of that gas. You better get home."

"What—what are you going to do?"

"I'm going back."

"I'll go with you."

"No—get home. If you breathe more of that gas, you'll know it."

David gripped the fence. The trembling again seized his thin, lanky body. The world swam in front of his eyes. "God!" he muttered.

"Here—keep heading up the street till you

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hit Market, then hop a car."

"I'll go with you."

"You listen to me, see? You get out of this. If you don't, I'll pop you over the head with—" Max looked about, stooped to pick up an empty bottle. "I'll crack you with this, so help me God!"

David breathed deeply, blinking his feverish, stabbing eyes. "You put that bottle down," he said, "before a cop catches you with it. He'll shoot without asking questions."

Max threw the bottle over the fence. "Are you all right? If you are, I'm going."

"I'm okay. Be careful."

"You bet your sweet neck I'll be careful."

He waved, turned the corner. David rested against the fence. Finally, with great effort, he roused himself, began to walk drunkenly in the direction Max had taken.

In the dusk, the troops moved in. David stood next to Max on a corner facing the docks. The lorries rumbled past. They did not speak. They watched—watched young boys dressed in uniforms and steel helmets, clutching guns with long, evil-looking bayonets at the ends, ride into the city. The militia took over the waterfront.

Between Ourselves

SOME time ago, a brief notice appeared THE NEW MASSES commenting upon a book by H. T. Tsiang as follows:

> An interesting experimental novel about the unemployed. Perhaps the first novel with a proletarian theme written in expressionistic technique.

It has since been brought to our attention that the author, who acts as his own advertiser, as well as his own publisher and salesman, has been using this review as our supposedly official endorsement of him as a revolutionary writer. As it happens, Mr. Tsiang is not much of a writer, and his career as a revolutionist is such as to hinder rather than help. He began as an under-secretary of the Nationalist Party, then violently anti-Communist. He came to San Francisco and finding that anti-Communism was not popular in the Chinese colony, he cheerfully turned "left". This opportunism is combined with arrant individualism. Tsiang's chief literary influence is the decadent Gertrude Stein. He has made himself a familiar, and now unwelcome figure, at radical gatherings where he sells his books. He is brazen in badgering noted people into making complimentary statements and in his use of these statements. Mr. Tsiang has boasted that the Chinese population of New York is proud of him. On the contrary, organizations of Chinese workers have repudiated him and his self-seeking tactics.

In this issue we publish a long review (to be concluded in our following issue), of Vilferdo Pareto's *Treatise on Sociology*, which is being used as the ideological foundations of fascism. The publication of this book has been given a sinister importance. Its price is twenty dollars yet impoverished libraries and colleges whose appropriations have been suspended or cut down, have found the money for its purchase. Literary journals that constantly assert their political impartiality have given it unprecedented space, one of them practically devoting an entire issue to it; yet these same journals have ignored or relegated to back-page paragraphs works of Lenin, Stalin and other revolutionary ideologists. It is significant that this empty and pretentious work whose chief purpose is to rationalize violence and deliberate deception of the masses by the government, is given such a reception by the established intellectual institutions of American capitalism.

In the hundreds of reviews which have appeared of John Spivak's *America Faces the Barricades* a virtually unanimous intention to misinterpret Spivak's conclusions has been apparent. Most reviewers in capitalist papers seized on a sentence in which Spivak gives it as his opinion that American workers don't want a revolution. They consistently ignored the second half of his statement—that if the workers didn't get decent living conditions they would make the revolution. Readers of THE NEW MASSES, who remember John Spivak's articles when they first appeared here, do not need to be told that Spivak's position is completely for labor. This past week, however, The New York Post has begun to reprint these same articles, and the first instalment carried a headline that is a deliberate distortion of Spivak's attitude. "Spivak Doubts Reds Seek Upset of Government," says the Post's headline. Spivak does nothing of the kind and did nothing of the kind, either when the article first appeared in THE NEW MASSES, more than a year ago, or in its book form.

Announcement of the award in the contest for a proletarian novel, held jointly by THE NEW MASSES and the John Day Company, will be made in next week's issue.

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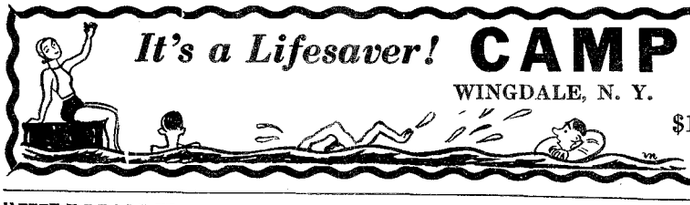

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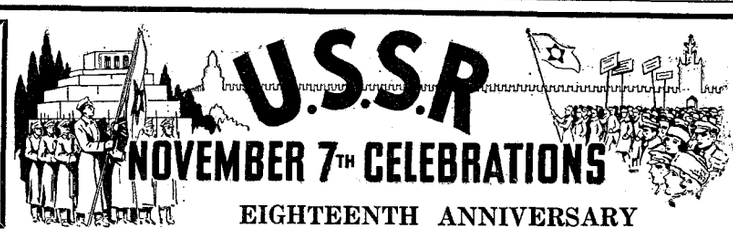

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